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FEBRUARY 1957

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COMMENT

Foreign Policy after Suez

IT IS DIFFICULT to assess the rights and wrongs of H.M. Government's Suez policy of the late autumn. It is no easy matter even to judge its consequences in fact. Certainly, it did not succeed in doing what it set out to do. Its supporters claim, however, that it has achieved a secondary success by compelling the United Nations' Organisation to take definite action in Egypt and in precipitating the change in United States foreign policy with its warning to Russia against interference in the Middle East.

On consideration, a number of features stand out significantly. The first, the power of Middle East nationalism. This is the major force behind the attitude of Middle East countries despite the tensions between individual Arab States and regardless of social problems and economic advantage. Nor—rather surprisingly—did U.N.O. question the Egyptian right to nationalise an international waterway running through Egyptian territory even though it has long been accepted that rivers flowing through more than one Continental country are administered on an intra-national basis. When due allowance is made for the sensitivity of peoples who have come only recently to national consciousness and independence, they need to be reminded of what older-established States have learnt by sad experience, namely, that international co-operation and U.N.O. itself will be made an impossibility should national claims be pushed too far and too exclusively. The position in Egypt was further complicated by the unilateral seizure of the canal in defiance of existing treaty obligations and by the solicitude shown to Colonel Nasser both by U.N.O. and the United States in spite of the raids he has encouraged on Israeli territory and his refusal of passage to Israeli ships through the canal.

Britain and France would have had a better case in international ethics had they taken action against Egypt immediately after the seizure of the canal. The seizure was unjustified, motivated by personal pique and anti-European resentment; it violated a

solemn agreement and threatened grave damage to the interests of France and Britain and the whole of Western Europe. It is to the credit of Britain and France that, instead of taking what in itself could have been legitimate action, they referred the difficulty to U.N.O. It is to the considerable discredit of U.N.O. that the problem was neither effectively nor even seriously handled.

A second feature was the obvious division of opinion in Britain, which ran athwart ordinary party allegiances and existed within the Cabinet itself. In a democracy differences of judgment are healthy—up to a point—provided they are expressed in a manner which does not harm the country's vital interests. Yet, in this instance, one gains the impression that many were far too ready to condemn before they had seriously examined the issues, and that a number of politicians were more concerned with party advantage than the national emergency. The campaign waged by a handful of newspapers against Sir Anthony Eden was the most violent of its kind in modern times. During the autumn crisis in Poland and Hungary it was said that the Hungarians behaved like Poles, and the Poles themselves like Czechs. In the case of Suez it might be suggested that the British reacted as the French are popularly supposed to react—that is, if one accepts the tradition of their disunity—whereas the French reaction was that normally associated with Britain. Those who so roundly castigated the Prime Minister and government would have done well to reflect upon the French attitude; except for their Communist party, the French showed themselves a united nation under a government led by a Socialist Premier. There is no doubt at all that the evidence of deep division in Britain greatly heartened Colonel Nasser.

A third and final feature was the clear divergence in British and United States policy. Since 1945 we have taken it for granted that Anglo-American collaboration was essential for the defence of the free world, as indeed it was and is, but this has frequently obscured the fact that the United States has been pursuing a foreign policy different from and in several respects hostile to that of Britain. This has been particularly marked in the Middle East. The American obsession with "colonialism" had led them to favour nationalism in Persia and Egypt, with little awareness of the wider issues that may be at stake, and gravely to underestimate, till the past few weeks, the threat to that area from

Russia. We are reminded of the disastrous results of that same obsession in the mind of President Roosevelt who rated British "imperialism" a greater danger than Communist expansion and was the principal factor in those shameful experiments in Russian appeasement at Teheran and Yalta. American influence encouraged Britain to leave the Suez canal and did not discourage Colonel Nasser from seizing it.

These events at Suez inevitably did harm to Anglo-American relationship though it would appear that the general attitude of the American people was not as chilly as the official attitude in Washington. They have intensified anti-American feeling in Western Europe, where it is strong, and roused much unfriendly feeling towards the U.S.A. in Britain. The effects are likely to be more permanent in Britain than in the United States. In the first place, this anti-American feeling has developed among those classes usually sympathetic to the U.S.A.; and secondly, the British have been suddenly conscious of these hostile elements in American foreign policy.

From this brief analysis of the Suez situation may be drawn a number of conclusions.

To begin with, British foreign policy must be more fully and directly adapted to vital British interests. Of course, Anglo-American collaboration must continue, and every effort be made to repair the damage of recent months. N.A.T.O., in which Britain and the U.S.A. co-operate, is of primary necessity to both. But it would be fatal, and indeed self-destructive, to drift into the position of satellite to the United States which, naturally enough, has her own objectives that cannot always be assumed to harmonise with those of Britain and are not infrequently opposed to these. The threat from Russia has made us think too exclusively in terms of two world fronts and maybe to draw the conclusion that other divergencies do not greatly matter. We have no wish to deny the immense help given by the United States to Europe and the world since 1945 nor to impugn private or public American generosity. But good relations are all the firmer for being based upon realistic considerations.

Our ties with the United States—in fact Europe's links with the whole American continent—are close because America is, in one sense, the new Europe. It is heir to the European civilisation and culture. It is Europe overseas. That is why the community

of English-speaking peoples is a reality because of language, tradition, culture, political ideas and a common system of law, just as we think that within a half century there will be a similar community of Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking peoples, spanning the South Atlantic as the English-speaking community girdles that ocean to the North. But at the same time, we must remember that America is also the anti-Europe. Both in North and South, it asserted itself against European sovereignty; its historical legends are all based upon that revolt and separation; its major interests are concentrated within that continent of vast extent and unlimited resources.

From this the natural conclusion is that Britain, while developing her own Commonwealth relations, must more and more direct her foreign policy towards Western Europe. Britain is no longer the Power on the fringe of Europe, able to control the European balance of power. That fringe position has fallen to the United States and, to a lesser extent, to Russia. Britain, once part of Christendom, has been pushed back inexorably to the Continent of which once she was an historical and political part. True, since 1945 she has played no small part in European co-operation. Institutions like the Council of Europe, the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation are due, in real measure, to her initiative. N.A.T.O. grew out of the smaller Treaty of Brussels, engineered by Britain and France. Yet, she has been very shy of entering into closer contact, remained outside the European Coal and Steel Community and would take no part in the proposed European Defence Community.

The time has arrived for this closer contact. Western Europe, be it remembered—and we are speaking of France, Italy, Western Germany and the smaller countries, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg (omitting with regret the more contentious problem of Spain)—has a community of nearly two hundred million citizens—the most developed, cultured and capable in the whole world, who have given the world most of its art and the larger portion of its scientific research and discovery. That community would be immensely helped by nearer British co-operation, which further would do a great deal to solve the major problem which lies at the heart of that community, the problem, namely, of Germany.

The term Third Force has been frequently applied to the

Europe of the future, meaning a system of States that would remain neutral to the U.S.A. and Russia. But there can be no neutrality with regard to Communism. Europe remains as decidedly opposed to Communist Russia as does the United States. Yet there is a sense in which a more neatly integrated Western Europe, with Britain closely co-operating, would be not only a "Third" force, holding the balance between two others, but the dominant and controlling Power on the Continent. Western European countries have made great progress in the past ten years, witness the remarkable recovery both of Germany and Italy. In addition, events in Poland and Hungary have revealed how ardent is the desire of the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe to throw off the yoke of Communism and to return to their European heritage and way of life. The two crises of the late autumn, Suez and Hungary, though seemingly isolated from one another, may serve in the end to point the same significant lesson: the lesson of Suez, that Britain should turn more definitely and generously towards Europe; the lesson from Hungary, that Eastern Europeans are looking and longing for the same way back.

MORE CONVERTS EXPLAIN

A Second Symposium

1. *Thornton Trapp*

I WAS BROUGHT UP, and later trained for the Ministry, as an Anglo-Catholic. Like many others, I believed that we were called to help free the Church of England from subjection to the State, and to hasten the day of her return to Catholic unity. The astounding acceptance of Catholic doctrines and discipline by so many Anglicans all over the world encouraged us to hope that it would be only a matter of time before our dream came true. We seemed to have all that Rome could offer, and even more. More, because the Anglican has a love of liturgy and a chance of joining in liturgical worship which is not yet shared by, or granted to, all, or even most, Catholics. This is an undoubted factor in the relative fewness of Anglo-Catholic conversions.

Most Anglo-Catholics are not much influenced by theological arguments. They are convinced that they are living the fullness of the Catholic life, which, in their view, depends on the validity of Anglican Orders; and as this is a complicated and subtle problem, most Anglicans feel justified in trusting the judgment of their own theological leaders such as Dr. E. L. Mascall. Consequently I was able to minister in good faith up to the end. What was much more important to me was the existence or non-existence of my authority to minister. Day by day it became clearer that whether my orders were valid or not, I had no right given to me by the Church of God to exercise them. A day had to be fixed when I should no longer continue what I had come to see as a usurpation of authority. Quite simply, I saw myself ministering at the will of a secular power. My commission came from the Sovereign; and if he should so decide, that commission to minister could be withdrawn by the Sovereign.

Naturally enough, many other factors conspired to shake

me free from the outlook and way of life built up in the course of many years. The freely taken decisions of the Convocations on the Church of South India seemed at first to be a renunciation of the very foundations of Anglicanism. The Church of England seemed to be leaving me. Later, I came to understand that these decisions were just one more revelation of what Anglicanism really is.

Again, I came to feel as if I were cheating Anglicans by pretending that the doctrines I taught were the doctrines of their Church. Many of those doctrines are certainly condemned by the authorities we denied in theory, but accepted in practice. Why should the people of my parish be taught to go to Mass on the feast of the Assumption, while the people of my neighbour's parish were taught to deny the very existence of the Mass and of the Assumption? After all, the Catholic Church did exist in England. Was it right of me to try to turn another body into a feeble copy of it, against the will of the founders of this body, against the will of most of its members, violating its very constitutions, and *raison d'être*? I came to believe that the actual work of the Oxford Movement was to ease the way for the return of the Catholic Church to England; and also to believe that the present work of the Church of England is to unite non-Catholic Christians. As an Anglo-Catholic I was an obstacle to this work.

Having come to the conclusion that Anglo-Catholicism has no permanent or legitimate place in the Church of England, I offered my services to my superiors in some genuinely Anglican parish, believing that it might still be God's will for me to serve him in the Church of England. During the next eighteen months the two bishops and others concerned were unable to make any kind of offer. My days in the Church of England were coming to an end. Nevertheless, I could not look upon her as entirely bogus. By this time she had become to me a foster mother of unfortunate origins whom God had used to teach me, in spite of herself, the truths that in the end were to bring me to my real mother, the Catholic Church. It might well be that without the Church of England to put me on the road, I should never have found my way home. It seems to me that the bitterness of some ex-Anglican converts shows a lack of spiritual perception; it is also enormously discouraging to potential converts.

There were many other things, more personal than theological, that made the conflict more painful. Only those who have made the journey can know its anguish. At least I had good friends and true on both sides; Anglicans who wished me well, although they could not but feel some sad and inevitable sense of loss; and Catholics who could only wait and watch and pray. The journey made, great was the joy of being received into a family, joy marred only by the thought of those one leaves behind. But then, it took me a long time to get home. The last stage of the journey alone took twelve years. It was in 1944 that I met Padre Pio, through whom I received a new vision of God mightily at work in the Church. In the same year the Holy Father spoke most kindly to me at a public audience. Then I prayed, and often in the years that followed, that at least I might die in communion with him. My prayer has been answered more generously than I deserve, for a braver and better man in my position would have long since come home. Perhaps any who chance to read these lines would spare a prayer, not only for the writer, but also for those many good Anglicans whose sincerity and fervour would do so much to make the Catholic Church what she was for a thousand years, the true Church of England.

2. P. J. H. Carpenter

THOSE OF US who have come into the Church from the Anglican Ministry may have differed in our belief about the extent of the authority of the Holy See, but we appear to have followed similar lines in both the defence of our position and its abandonment. It might, therefore, be of interest to the Catholic reader to outline a purely personal, though not particularly unusual history, so that he may form some idea of the influences which can bring a person to the Anglo-Catholic position, and the milieu in which it is possible to practise that religion.

I can now see clearly the occasion, some twenty-five years ago, which began the course of events which was to bring me into the Church. It was a sermon in an Anglican church on confession. The vicar was new and more outspoken than his predecessor; and to him I made my first confession and from him I learnt not only about this Sacrament, but also something

of the doctrines of the Mass and the Blessed Eucharist. In due course, I went up to Cambridge and found myself among a group of men (two of them now lay converts) with whom I began to fill out my knowledge of the Catholic Religion, so that when I came down, intent on taking Anglican Orders, I chose what was then the most "extreme" theological college in the Church of England.

I have, it must be confessed, less recollection of the official teaching given there than of the unofficial acquisition of knowledge which gave me a deeper belief in, and love for Catholicism, and which made me consider that the Pope might have some authority over the Anglican Communion.

Having been ordained, I went to an East End parish where I found the astonishing joy of what seemed to me to be the complete Catholic Religion. The ethos of the place was Catholic to an extent which, it appears, is beyond the comprehension of the born Catholic. Our way of life, doctrine and practice were based on the recognition of the authority of the Holy See, to which we gave all such obedience as was possible in the circumstances. Our outlook might be expressed in the words of an old clergyman of the same school of thought: "If I am not a Roman Catholic priest, I don't know what I am."

This standpoint ultimately led me to believe that the Church of England was not a continuation of the pre-Reformation Ecclesia Anglicana but that it was simply a human organisation possessing an Apostolic priesthood, true Sacraments and at least the essential Catholic doctrines. That we were in a deplorable state of schism (though through no fault of our own) I clearly saw, but I believed that a reconsideration of the question of Anglican Orders would open the way to reunion with the Holy See.

Twelve years had now passed since my ordination and, though so bald a statement of the extreme "papist" position may make it seem incredible, it took me a further four years to be convinced that it was untenable.

Two things precipitated the end. The first was a pastoral problem: it was the increasing difficulty of teaching people Catholic doctrines and practices based on an Authority which I realised was not accepted by them, nor likely to be. One had either to conceal a fundamental truth, or to lay oneself open

to a charge of disloyalty to the organisation of the Church of England.

The second was the general attitude to the problem of the Orders of the Church of South India. This, together with the religion of the parish of which I was then vicar, faced me squarely with the whole Anglican position and not merely that aspect of it which I had seen in the Anglo-Catholic parishes. After a good deal of consideration I concluded that neither at the Reformation nor since had the Church of England preserved or intended to preserve, the Catholic Religion. Above all I realised that as I now accepted the authority of the Papacy as being divinely instituted, I could do no other than submit to it.

Difficult though it is even to try to justify their position in a short space, it cannot be too strongly urged that both the moderate and the extreme Anglo-Catholics are entirely honest in their convictions: the former, more obviously, for in general they profess a non-papal Catholicism; the latter because, in spite of claims and appearances to the contrary, their belief in the authority of the Holy See cannot yet have reached its fullness.

For myself, I can feel nothing but gratitude to many Anglo-Catholics without whose teaching and example I might never have known a sufficient part of the Truth to want the whole. They have a vision of the Catholic Religion to which they are faithful, some amid great difficulties, and if argument seems useless, and understanding difficult, we can find a bond of charity in the prayer that all may be one in the fold of Christ's Church.

3. J. G. Wattie

I COULD, in a way, have wished that I had made my story more personal than I have done. But the curious thing is that the Protestants, who themselves emphasise experience so much more heavily than authority, yet minimise the experience of converts, explaining it away by one alleged kink or another and putting upon it every construction except the obvious and right one.

It was, then, an accumulation of things over a period of time that led me into the one Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. Briefly, it comes down to the question of authority, a central, rightful and historical authority focused in the Holy Father.

Many types of Christians profess faith in the Holy Catholic Church. In the body I knew, the Anglican Communion in Scotland, it became increasingly difficult, and finally impossible, to teach and preach about the doctrines of the Catholic Church when in practice they were widely denied, and when all kinds of variations in doctrine, worship, and practice were held equally within the one Communion. In the doctrine of Marriage, for instance, one man would uphold its sanctity, another sit easy, tolerant of lax views, while a third would speak for himself without hindrance—expressing views guaranteed by no authority save his own. In worship there was such latitude that the forms of worship traditional to, or adopted by, one group were not recognised by another. In practice, the Roman Missal in English was widely used in its entirety, without any authority, and the users would have considered any other Eucharistic service barren and empty.

The consequent compromises and anomalies led further to many personal or individual peculiarities and inconsistencies. The bewildering variety and confusion that resulted was such that only those growing up with these practices and attitudes, and especially those who knew nothing else, could fail to see how illogical it was for men, and particularly ministers, while professing belief in the Holy Catholic Church to tolerate such contradictions and to be guided, in so many important questions, by mere personal inclination or judgment. In some places, indeed, what was taught depended not so much on the Episcopalian Church's title-deed, namely the Prayer-book, but on how much would Brown, Jones or McTavish stand.

I was forced to reflect, and the more seriously I studied the character of the various Christian bodies, the more convinced I became that the features of the Catholic Church of history were discernible only in the Catholic and Roman Church. There both the religion and practice, as well as the authority, were recognisably the same in every century. I could never understand on what principle so many Anglicans though refusing to acknowledge the Pope's primacy in practice, could yet accept it in theory. Some, conversely, accept Papal pronouncements while rejecting the supremacy.

It took me a long time, nevertheless, to see clearly the impossibility of the "Branch theory" (although this has long been, at least professedly, discarded by Anglicans) and the absurdity of the

claim that all that happened in England at the Reformation was that under Henry VIII two Provinces of the Catholic Church had broken away from the main body and set up as the Catholic Church in England—so that individual Englishmen could simply conform and go on being Catholics as before. (The Episcopal Church of Scotland, of course, makes in Scotland the same claim as the Anglican Church has for some years made in England, namely, to be the Catholic Church of the country.) But at last it came to me that there could not be Universal Anglicanism without a Living Voice and effective authority. It was this lack in Scottish Episcopalianism that explained why the clamouring and contradictory voices were so many—they arose from the lack of a faith, a faith reinforced by an authoritative Moral Theology.

Since being received into the Church, I found what I suspected, namely, that it is not out of fear that Catholics go to Mass. In Scotland, at any rate, this is commonly said and more commonly thought. People go because they want to go. Another common saying is that the priests drive non-Catholics into the arms of Rome. They don't need to. As fast as the priests can cope with their instruction, people are coming in of their own free will.

It would be rather surprising if priests were not keen on a religion that has something to offer. Even outside testimony—or the best of it—has always recognised that Rome has kept the truth. Stanton, for so long curate at St. Alban's, Holborn, admitted that Rome was always right; Foakes Jackson said that Rome, or the Pope, has always come down on the side of orthodoxy.

On reflection I found I couldn't get past the words: "*Tu es Petrus.*" The rock was no longer a stumbling-block, but an anchor.

One may not find peace in this world, but in the Church I found intellectual rest and the sense of pause in the search for truth. I had come to the end.

4. Peter Hacker

I HAVE been asked to say how and why, after eighteen years in the Anglican ministry, I have become a Catholic. The answer can perhaps best be indicated in the remark made by one of my fellow-clergymen, when I announced my decision. I said something like "I am sorry that I must say goodbye to you officially,

as I am hoping to become a Catholic," and he replied "You mean that you are going to become what you are!" I have always had many Catholic friends, including priests, especially in France; I was always regarded, even before I was ordained to the Anglican ministry, as an "extremist," and even had some difficulty in persuading the bishop that I was a fit person to be received into the ministry, on account of my Romanist views. Since then, I have spent the whole of my ministry in one South London parish, where we taught Catholic doctrine, and used Catholic rites almost without modification, except for the use of English in the audible parts of the services. It must be remembered that the Anglican parish is a very self-contained affair, and we had only a minimum of contacts with either the bishop or with our neighbouring parishes or clergy. It is one of the weaknesses of the Anglo-Catholic movement at present that it is infected with something like congregationalism—the vicar cares very little for what happens, so long as it doesn't happen in *his* church, and it is the easiest thing in the world to ignore what is going on in the rest of the Church of England, let alone the rest of the Anglican Communion.

We considered ourselves Catholics, and that not in any peculiar sense, but quite simply, in the same sense as any Roman Catholic would use the word. The Church of England, we argued, had been separated outwardly from communion with the Holy See through the pressure of events in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but had remained *de jure* part of the Catholic Church. She had, as a result of this unfortunate separation, largely political in origin, become exposed to a great deal of Protestant infiltration and corruption. It was therefore our duty to bring her back to Catholic faith and practice, and meanwhile we considered ourselves bound by all the Catholic canons of faith and rules of discipline, even in liturgical matters (and many "Anglican papalists" are much better liturgists than many Catholics!), except in so far as they were obviously inapplicable to our anomalous situation. The official formularies of the Church of England were State-imposed and therefore had no authority; regulations which conflicted with Catholic faith or practice were *ultra vires*. The position is almost impregnable. To many Catholics, as to most Anglicans, it may appear rather tortuous, but it must be remembered that we were all very much engrossed in the affairs

of our own parishes, and that in many of these parishes a very high standard prevails of spiritual life and devotion, if only among a faithful few. Nevertheless it was sometimes most irksome to realise that we were in communion with avowed Protestants and Modernists, and out of communion with fellow-Catholics throughout the world.

The South India question brought things to a head, so far as I was concerned. It drew attention to the latent divisions which exist within even the most advanced of the Anglo-Catholic groupings. Not one of the established "Catholic Societies" was able to speak with one voice. I joined the Annunciation Group, and became a member of its executive. It was, and is, a fine, virile group of devout and saintly people, acutely troubled in mind and conscience; but we did not seem to be able to make any progress. Meanwhile I was driven to reconsider what I really meant by the unity of the Church, by schism, and by ecclesiastical communion. I also went carefully into the requirements for the validity of ordinations. I was driven to the conclusion that I could not speak of the Church of South India as schismatic (which I felt instinctively that it was), or of its orders as invalid (which I felt sure they were), without at the same time admitting that the same conclusions applied to the Church of England. Consequently if I were to "remain," or become a Catholic, I must become a "Roman Catholic."

I have found nothing to change in my religious beliefs or practices, except in my appraisal of certain facts. I thought I was a priest, I find I was mistaken; I thought I could be a good Catholic while remaining a member of the Church of England—I find I was wrong. But the transition has been easy, and not least because of the very great kindness and sympathy which I have received from almost all those whom I have left, and almost all those whom I have joined. It is not easy to change one's religious allegiance, one's profession, and one's home, all at once, but in my case at least, both Anglican and Catholic friends have made it as easy and pleasant as it could be.

5. *Esmond Gwatkin*¹

PROBABLY the reason why most people come into the Catholic Church is that they are either dissatisfied with their present religious teaching or, having no particular religious anchor, feel the need for the things of the Spirit which are found in the Catholic Church. In my own case I had always been satisfied and happy in the Christian Science Church, the religion I had been reared in. Coming in contact with the teaching of the Catholic Church inevitably brought me dissatisfaction with my former beliefs, and at first appeared to bring doubts and unhappiness, not peace, "but a sword," and to set households at variance, as our divine Lord foretold.

During boyhood and young manhood I regularly and eagerly attended Christian Science Sunday School, where the instruction is usually good. I shall always be grateful for a great deal of what I learned there as I was given a thorough grounding in the Bible, and taught the most important lesson in life, to love God supremely and my neighbour as myself. It is to the credit of Christian Science that it lays great stress on the need to love all—that unless we love we cannot begin to know God, who is love.

Always having a yearning for spiritual things, at an early age I gave up my career and devoted my whole time to the practice of Christian Science healing, and was a registered practitioner for seventeen years, this being my only source of income.

One day I came across a copy of the Life of St. Francis of Assisi in the public library. It was the first time I had ever read the life of a saint, and I was deeply moved, for it was a great challenge to my religious beliefs, firing the imagination, and strengthening the desire to emulate his holy life. Certainly I had no intention of ever becoming a Catholic, for in my ignorance of the Catholic Faith I had always looked upon it as an unwholesome system, a debased form of Christianity of which nothing was left but the outward husk of ritual! From the reading of St. Francis I was eager to read the lives of many other saints. At that time I deemed it desirable to choose biographies written by Protestant authors as I did not wish to be drawn into Catholic thought more than

¹ Although Mr. Gwatkin came to the Church from Christian Science, we include this account of his conversion in this symposium on account of its very great interest both to Catholics and non-Catholics. *Editor.*

was necessary. I made myself believe that these deeply spiritual men and women were saints *in spite of* Catholic teaching; and it took me many years to realise that they lived and loved and wrote as they did because they came from the bosom of Holy Church.

Naturally having read how these saints lived I was drawn to read their writings. At this period I was quite unacquainted with Christian mysticism, for Christian Science does not encourage study along these lines. However, having gone so far I had a strong desire to study this field of thought that the saints were opening up before me, but at the same time I meant to keep a strong grip of Christian Science. But it is inevitable that what one sees spiritually one cannot *un-see*, and as the mystics led me further into Christ's heavenly light (though I knew it not then), I could never return to beliefs outgrown unless it were to deny Christ who is man's Life.

It must be understood that at this period I had no one to guide me in this spiritual way, for I could not divulge the matter to my Christian Science brethren, nor did I feel inclined to see a priest; but to the best of my understanding I did turn in prayer to the gentle Christ our Shepherd who so lovingly cares for each one of His lambs. At this period I was fortunate to come across Evelyn Underhill's book, *Mysticism*. It, so to speak, introduced me to a host of saints and mystics, linking them up chronologically and comprehensively. Later I procured St. John of the Cross's *Living Flame of Love*. This was for me the highest fulfilment of spiritual teaching, beauty and holiness. Of course I did not understand all that his words said, but I caught something of the spiritual harmonies and meaning in a heavenly tongue. As St. Paul quotes: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." Even St. John of the Cross seemed to be speaking to my waiting heart:

How tender is the love
 Thou wak'nest in my breast
 When thou, alone and secretly, art there,
 Whispering of things above,
 Most glorious and most blest,
 How delicate the love thou mak'st me bear!

Yes, I was really caught in the trap of Love, and my grip of Christian Science, I felt, was loosening, though I could hardly believe it. "Now I must go back to my Christian Science studies," I would say to myself, "and once and for all give up this reading of St. John of the Cross and the saints, and get down to reading Mrs. Eddy's works only." But what had happened? The reading of Christian Science literature had become insipid. Surely, this must be the silent influence of evil, I would try and think. And yet I knew so positively that my love for God was in a wonderful way being enlarged. Very well, I decided that I would attend a Christian Science lecture which would enable me to get back on to the "right road" again. But the lecturer failed to satisfy me with the spiritual food that I had been receiving from the teaching of the Catholic Church.

I was extremely happy, and yet in another sense I felt very much alone and apprehensive, for although I desired to go forward I could not see the way, for I was torn between loyalties, on the one hand to Christian Science and my obligations as a practitioner, and on the other hand to where my conscience was leading me, but where I did not know.

There followed many weeks of anguish during this period, for my life-time beliefs were crumbling, and as yet I had nothing tangible that I could cling to. I was forced to learn the lesson, to walk by faith and not by sight. It is so natural to walk by sight; but now I had to learn God's way—to walk by utter faith in Him, trustingly. There was no way of escape, no rest, no turning back. Whenever I had the opportunity I would sit quietly in Catholic churches waiting in silence to hear the divine whisper. What a haven of peace I found Westminster Cathedral to be. How often I knelt in its quiet and prayed: "Christ, if this is your Church, your Body, then lead me to it in your way. I cannot see the way, but I will walk by faith." And I would say: "O Catholic Church, embrace me in your arms."

Then one day I opened my Bible and read from the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. It suddenly became illumined: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . And the Word (God) was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." I had read this many times before, but now it was *new*. From that moment I

accepted the doctrine of the Incarnation. Once I had accepted this great mystery, the Word made flesh, then, I saw that matter could no longer be evil or unreal, for God Himself had taken on human flesh, thus sanctifying it, and ennobling man.

Finally I was led to a good priest and took instruction, lasting many months, but at the end of this period I was still not ready to go further. Less than a year later I went to another spiritually minded priest who kindly instructed me again most patiently, at the end of which time I was received into Holy Mother Church on Palm Sunday 1955. How true are Francis Thompson's words in *The Hound of Heaven*:

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenceless utterly.

What then briefly are my reasons for leaving my former beliefs and coming over to the Catholic Church?

I had always been prejudiced against what I had thought was the teaching of the Catholic Church. When, however, I actually came in contact with her and became humble enough to listen to her teaching, I felt like St. Peter who, in answer to our divine Lord's compassionate question to His Apostles: "Will ye also go away?", answered: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The Church, or the Body of Christ, speaks to us "the words of eternal life." The Church is the extension of Christ's Body, and now I know that as I listen to the Church's teaching I am listening to Christ.

One of my great difficulties was to break away from Mrs. Eddy's influence which all my life I had imbibed in her teachings; for while there is much good in some of her theories, half-truths can be dangerous. As Catholics we are privileged to have the fullness of Truth, and are fortunate to have access to the thoughts of all the greatest spiritual writers and saints in the Church, and we can never lack for spiritual nourishment, but may take such food as we can individually digest.

For many years I had felt that Christian Science, being what it calls a practical religion, one that stresses the need of health, harmony, well-being, and even success, is too often apt to use God as a means to man's ends. The Catholic Church on the other

hand teaches us to pray that God may use us as a means to His ends no matter at what cost to oneself, to love Him for Himself and not for His gifts alone.

In my former beliefs I found lacking the deeper sense of prayer, the prayer of adoration. To enter the Catholic Church is to enter the Church of adoration and prayer in its deepest and profoundest sense. God has given man the capacity to adore and worship Him, and our Holy Mother the Church teaches us how to satisfy this spiritual hunger in adoring Christ, the Tremendous Lover, and so find our "heart's desire."

Perhaps the greatest gift the Catholic Church has given me is our Incarnate Lord. Christ is no longer an impersonal Truth, but my personal, living, loving Saviour, and my God. Like St. Peter when he saw our Lord after His resurrection, I can say: "My Lord, and my God." He is the only Leader I know.

Now I see more clearly that Our Lord founded one Church, of which He is always the Head, and He founded it on the Rock Peter, the first Pope or Holy Father. Christ's Church is one and Universal, and He has told us that the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

To walk Christ's way entails taking up our Cross in order to follow Him, but even as we begin to bear it we find His yoke easy and His burden light. Our beloved Lord told us the parable of the man, who, when he had found the pearl of great price went and sold *all* that he had in order to buy it. So it always is with spiritual things if we wish to possess them. We can have them only at a great cost. But can we ever really pay the debt we owe?

ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

By

LESLIE MACFARLANE

IN TERMS of popular appeal, St. Thomas of Canterbury was undoubtedly the greatest English saint of the Middle Ages. With a swiftness unusual for a canon lawyer, Alexander III canonised him within twenty-six months of his murder in the late afternoon of 29 December 1170, although the common people, abandoning prudence to the four winds, had long since acclaimed him to be among the blessed. Within twenty-five years, the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury was invoked throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. Stone, stained glass, frescoes and illuminated manuscripts told of his martyrdom across Europe, and beyond to the Holy Land itself. His tomb, later installed behind the high altar of his own cathedral, rivalled in splendour and popularity the Spanish shrine of the apostle James, and the track to it, which winds through the Kentish countryside to this day, brought to Canterbury for three and a half centuries the hopeful, the curious, and the grateful of every Christian nation. No one could deny the unprecedented and almost violent popularity of his cult throughout the Middle Ages.

Why was this so? Was it because of the dramatic circumstances of his death, the splendid courage which he showed at the last when surrounded by armed violence? Certainly this would have caught the popular imagination, for acts of physical heroism always compel admiration, and this was particularly true of the age in which he lived and died. Was it because of the miracles and the legends which came to be associated with his name in an age supposedly more credulous than our own? These too, must have played their part. These factors alone, however, would not account for his continued popularity. The truth is, of course, that St. Thomas rapidly became identified with the cause for which he died, namely, the assertion of ecclesiastical liberty. Not

that the people who flocked to his tomb from every corner of Christendom whiled away their pilgrimages discussing the finer points of current politico-ecclesiastical thought. Geoffrey Chaucer can tell us pungently enough the sorts of topics more likely to have been discussed on the road to Canterbury. Nevertheless, underneath the banter, the credulity and the excitement, most pilgrims were aware, in however garbled a manner, of the stand which archbishop Thomas Becket had made against the growing encroachment of the Crown in ecclesiastical affairs. For most of them, at any rate, he symbolised the Church's right to be free to act according to its own laws, where the laws of the land were considered to violate human rights and the law of God. Thomas, in fact, had struck at the very roots of secular totalitarianism, or any other form of government which denied the Church the right to uphold its own laws, and to protect its members from tyranny and injustice. This is why devotion to him endured. To the medieval, Augustinian mind, the problem of dual allegiance, of where ultimate authority lay, was an ever present one—incapable of solution, perhaps, in a world recognisably fallen, but nevertheless a real and live issue. For them, at least, Thomas epitomised one side of the never ending struggle of rendering to both God and Caesar.

The truth of this can be seen in the petulant violence of Henry VIII's action in 1538, whereby the tomb of St. Thomas was desecrated, and his name ordered to be removed from every liturgical book in the country. For the opposition to Henry's ecclesiastical claims by men like Thomas More and John Fisher, who had recently gone their own stubborn way to the scaffold, was proof enough to the king that Becket's cause was still very much alive, and that it was still capable of providing a rallying point fraught with the possibilities of popular insurrection. Henry's vigorous suppression of Becket's cult, was, in fact, a measure of his political acumen. At any rate, within a century, St. Thomas had slipped into a hagiographical limbo, from which he was rescued only in comparatively recent times, when the Latin texts of his contemporary biographers were re-edited, and the details of his remarkable career were brought once more to the notice of the general public. This great quarry of information has provided most of the material for those modern studies in prose, drama and film, by which he is best known today.

It is a strange and pleasing thought that television and the rest, have made the details of his life more widely known than they were seven hundred years ago; more widely known, that is, but perhaps much less understood. For it must be admitted that unless we are very young and romantic about the past, most of us, when we can bear to think about them, regard our medieval counterparts with a mixture of superiority, pity and repugnance. We find it difficult to realise that many of their problems have a direct relevance for us today, and that in our rush to exist, few of us are able to command the detachment and clarity of vision to both see and solve those problems. This is why the facts of his life are worth recalling. They help us, at least, to see his dilemma, and to recognise that in greater or less degree, it is our own.

Thomas Becket was born in London of Norman parents in 1118, on the feast of St. Thomas the apostle, after whom he was doubtless named. His father Gilbert was well connected, and at the time a prosperous business man. His mother Matilda, gentle and pious, was seemingly ambitious for her son, as many mothers are. Thomas, however, does not appear to have been either an ambitious or an unduly pious boy. We may take it that his childhood was conventional for a boy of his social background,— school at Merton Priory, holidays with his parents and sisters, and the occasional thrill of a hunting and hawking expedition with a Norman friend of his father's. At the age of twenty he was sent off to complete his studies in the Schools of Paris, but drifted back to London in the following year to take up the threads of training for a business career. By now his father's fortunes were impoverished, and the home made empty by the death of his mother, to whom he was deeply attached. Having neither the aptitude nor even the enthusiasm for a career in the City, it must have been with a sense of great relief that, with influence, he obtained an entrance into the household of Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury. He was now twenty-four years old, seemingly mediocre, and lucky to be in the select company of cultured men at the very centre of English ecclesiastical affairs.

It was in these early years in Theobald's curia, however, that Thomas found himself. Not for him could there be a dazzling career in the Schools, to be followed by a bishopric, or some other ecclesiastical reward for merit. But as he travelled about the

archbishop's business, it was clear that he had a head for detail, a flair for doing things and for getting things done. He could execute the commands of others with a thoroughness and an efficiency beyond the normal, and above all, with tact and great charm. In this way Thomas soon attracted the attention of the archbishop himself, and indeed, accompanied him to Rome on business in 1143, and to the Council of Rheims in 1148, where he must have met St. Bernard. Four years later Theobald delegated to him the delicate task of persuading Eugenius III to accept the young Henry of Anjou as successor to Stephen, king of England, a mission which Thomas successfully accomplished. Promotion swiftly followed, and after a short spell at the famous law schools of Bologna and Auxerre, he returned to take up an important administrative appointment as archdeacon of Canterbury. In 1155, the young Henry, doubtless grateful for Thomas's part in his recent succession to the English throne, but also strongly attracted to the character of his archdeacon, decided to appoint him chancellor of England, the highest secular official in the land. Thomas's success had been meteoric. Trusted and liked both by the old archbishop and the young king, he had become, within thirteen crowded years, one of the greatest men in the realm. He was thirty-seven years old.

Like most people given the opportunity, it did not take Thomas long to adapt himself to magnificence. He accepted greatness gracefully and gratefully. Freely he had been given, and freely he was prepared to give. Just as the young king lavished gifts of all kinds upon him as a proof of royal friendship, so Thomas gave him in return loyal and efficient service, and gave generously also to those of his own large and splendid household, and especially to the poor. His smallest actions had the touch of magnificence in them. Theobald, who knew better than anyone in the realm the hazards involved in high office, kept a shrewd but kindly eye upon his protégé, and cannot have failed, at times, to fear for him. It was not that Theobald objected to the show of splendour, although his own tastes were simple; rather he must have feared that, engrossed in secular affairs, Thomas the cleric would become unduly contaminated by them, and so give cause for scandal. This is probably why, as he lay dying in the year 1161, Theobald sent for Thomas, in order to give him some final counsel. But Thomas never came, and just over a

year later, at the king's instance, Thomas Becket the chancellor was nominated archbishop of Canterbury.

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Becket's dismay on hearing the news of his nomination. He had none of that false modesty about him which would have formally protested but secretly rejoiced at the news. He knew himself to be quite unworthy of the office. He was neither priest nor scholar, his career had been devoted almost entirely to secular affairs. Furthermore he was aware that the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, whose privilege it was to elect their archbishop, had been subjected to royal pressure in order to secure his election, and could hardly have viewed their "choice" with enthusiasm. Henry II alone must have been content. As chancellor, Thomas had shown himself to be his faithful servant and personal friend, and there was every reason to believe that he would remain so as archbishop. With his co-operation, indeed, Henry would now be able to regain the hold over the Church in England which the Crown had lost since the days of his grandfather, Henry I. For during the interim of anarchy, the Church had loosened itself considerably from royal control. The development of canon law, the growing independence of ecclesiastical courts from secular jurisdiction, the freedom of appeals to Rome, in short the ability of the English Church to put into effect the reforms of the more recent Church Councils, told heavily against royal autocracy. Henry II was not the kind of man to allow this trend to continue. He argued that his Norman ancestors, the Conqueror and his sons, had never allowed so large a measure of ecclesiastical independence within the realm, and he looked to Becket to help him re-establish what he considered to be his proper rights over the Church in England.

Undoubtedly Becket knew precisely what the king wanted of him when he was nominated to the archbishopric of Canterbury. He knew Henry intimately. A man of action himself, he admired Henry's dynamic energy, the singularity of purpose which drove him around his vast dominions to subdue, unite, and control. He was also fully aware of the dignity and the responsibilities of the office which had been offered him, and it can be shown that when the proposal was first put to him, he warned Henry that the kind of co-operation expected of him would not be possible. The king refused to take the matter seriously, however, and with

much heart-searching Thomas was ordained priest on 2 June 1162, and consecrated archbishop of Canterbury the following day.

The bitter and protracted quarrel which soon broke out between the two men, to be terminated only by the archbishop's murder eight and a half years later, is one of the most celebrated in the history of medieval Christendom. In order to throw the full force of his energies into spiritual and ecclesiastical affairs, Becket's first move was to resign the chancellorship of the realm. It was also a public demonstration of his break with the old ways, and Henry never forgave him for it. We may not suppose, however, that this reorientation of his career, sudden as it was, brought any basic change to the character and personality of the newly created archbishop. The command of detail, the old flair for magnificence remained, although few but his closest companions knew now of the vigils, the nights spent in prayer, the fastings and scourgings, his struggle for self-mastery which, for all who take the road, is never done. It is at this stage that many of his later critics, unable to reconcile these facets of his nature, have seen in his mortifications an extravagance bordering on the theatrical, another proof of the instability of his true character. That is as may be, but those who knew Becket best had only admiration for the harsh penances he inflicted upon himself as he surrounded himself with splendour. For not only have we to consider that his age sought remedies to subdue the flesh which the more comfortable world of our own day finds repellent and excessive; we have also to reckon on Becket's own determination to live up to the standards which he considered the highest ecclesiastical office in the land demanded of him. One can never escape this sense of efficiency in Becket, this urge to accomplish successfully each task which came to hand. Previously, that task had been in the sphere of secular affairs, which he had mastered as had few chancellors before him; now, as the chief shepherd of his flock, however he had come by the office, his task was to bend his irrepressibly masterful nature to conform to the pattern demanded of him by the Good Shepherd. It was this challenge of perfection, and not a sense of "theatre," or an inborn vulgarity of mind which sought the ostentatious, that made him accept the discipline, the hair shirt, and the rest. Indeed, it is characteristic of his real humility that these mortifications went along with the outward show of magnificence, the generous gesture and the

smiling face, and were, in fact, known only to a few of his own household while he lived.

There were several minor brushes with the king before an open breach occurred between them at a Council held at Westminster in October 1163, over the thorny problem of criminous clerks. Henry insisted that clerics who had been convicted of crime should be handed over to the secular arm for punishment, as the recent customs of the land had allowed. Becket opposed this as a violation of canon law. Certainly there was no easy solution to a problem which, at the time, lay in a jurisdictional no-man's-land. Before long, the issue had broadened into a general discussion on the laws of the land. The archbishop finally gave his verbal assent to the king's customs, but only after it had been put to him privately that violent opposition of this sort at a public council caused acute embarrassment to the king, who had no desire to press such cases in actual practice, but who, nevertheless, could not afford to lose face before his own secular vassals at these assemblies.

In the following January, the king summoned his Council to meet him again, this time at Clarendon. Without a doubt, his purpose was to force Becket publicly to accept the customs of the realm, and after him, the entire episcopacy. After some days of bitter argument, Becket was persuaded to take the oath, and urged the bishops to do likewise. When he saw the constitutions drawn up in writing, however, and realised their significance, he refused to put his seal to them, although the remainder of the hierarchy present did so. Returning from Clarendon, Thomas was plunged in gloom, and wept when one of his monk companions, in a burst of frankness, accused him of selling the pass. Swift to excuse others, the archbishop saw himself as a false shepherd, one who, in the hour of crisis, had wavered and fled. This was not entirely true, but he must have realised that his actions at Clarendon had left his episcopal brethren confused and disunited as rarely before. He must have realised too, if he had not already long since done so, that Henry was now his implacable enemy, bent on his ruin.

Henry did not have long to wait. Failing to answer a royal summons over a dispute in a case which the archbishop considered to lie within his own jurisdiction, Thomas was ordered to stand trial for contempt of court at Northampton in October

of the same year, 1164. His position was now much weaker; legally the king had a case against him which did not involve the rest of the hierarchy, who were nevertheless constrained to be present in order to pass judgment on him. For several days Becket withstood the sustained attacks of both the secular barons and his own episcopal colleagues. Looking now at the evidence of this trial, which has been preserved for us in graphic and minute detail, it is difficult not to admire his iron self-control in the face of violent threats on his own person by the lay barons, as well as the subtler and crueler arguments of his brethren, most of whom urged him to submit unconditionally to the king's judgment and to resign the archbishopric lest he bring ruin to the Church in England. It broke down only on the eighth day of the trial when, forbidding his colleagues to pass an unlawful sentence on him, he marched out of the judgment hall and heard, above the uproar and confusion, the king's illegitimate brother leer the word "traitor" at him. "You bastard," shouted back Thomas, as he stumbled over some faggots near the door, "If I were a knight these hands of mine would prove you a liar!"

His escape from Northampton Castle, his flight through the Fens disguised as a lay brother, and his perilous journey across the Channel in an open boat would seem to belong to the realm of pure fiction were they not authenticated fact. Making his way through Flanders to Soissons, where he was sympathetically received by the French king, Thomas pressed on towards Sens, where he hoped to find Alexander III and lay his case before him. Meanwhile, Henry had acted swiftly. Finding that Thomas had escaped the country, he sent a delegation of bishops immediately to Sens, to present his case. With great skill they put it to the pope that the English king was a reasonable man who had no wish to disobey the Holy Father's injunctions, but that Becket's defiance of royal justice, together with his mishandling of ecclesiastical affairs, had brought grave disunity to the Church in their country. It was hinted that Becket's appointment to the archbishopric had been an unfortunate one, since it was clear that his background and personality made him unsuitable for the office. Finding that neither honeyed words nor bribery could move the pope, who said that he must hear what Thomas had to say before giving judgment, the bishops returned to England.

Thomas then saw Alexander. It seemed to the archbishop that

to have placed his seal to the constitutions of Clarendon would have given the king potentially, if not actually, full control over the Church in England, and that the rights of the papacy itself were involved in this controversy. Once more he begged to be relieved of his office; firstly because of his initial hesitation and attempted compromise before he realised the danger of such a course, and secondly because in defending the rights and dignity of his office, it seemed clear to him that he was unworthy of it.

One cannot fail to be struck by the contrast between the façade of confidence displayed by the contingent of English bishops on this occasion, who fought their case on personal grounds, and their troubled, unhappy archbishop, who strove to rise above personal issues and to argue the case on matters of principle. It says a great deal for Alexander III, who had his own troubles, that he condemned most of the constitutions of Clarendon, reconfirmed Thomas in his office, and with sympathy, urged him to accept the offer of French asylum until the worst had blown over. Accordingly, the archbishop, with a few companions, went to live with the Cistercian monks at Pontigny. With some difficulty, though with equal determination, he fashioned his life to their austere discipline, so that his general health began to suffer. There was to be little peace for him there. Before long his own relations, besides a number of his monks at Canterbury, were outlawed from England and forced to present themselves to him, miserable and destitute, as a measure of the king's vindictiveness. Henry then brought such pressure to bear on the monks at Pontigny, that for their sake Thomas moved to the French monastery of St. Columba at Sens, where he was to remain for four years.

There can be little doubt that this period of exile schooled Thomas for the supreme test which lay ahead. Rebuked by one of his friends for his preoccupation in the study of canon law (by which means he had hoped to fortify himself in present and anticipated litigation), he devoted himself instead to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, and threw himself once more into an austere routine of mortification and prayer. The correspondence of this period shows him to have been heavily involved in litigation following his excommunication of some of his enemies at Vézelay in the summer of 1166, at which the constitutions of Clarendon were also once more publicly condemned. He was

now in open enmity with several of his bishops, who continued to defy him, but who nevertheless feared his power to excommunicate them. The rift between himself and the king, which Thomas had made some unsuccessful attempts to heal by correspondence, seemed now irreparable. Delays and subterfuges in the process of his case, prolonged by the pope's own unhappy position at the time, brought him to the edge of despair. We cannot tell what "cliffs of fall" his mind must have experienced during these years of sorrow, self-doubt and disappointment, but some of his bitterness occasionally reveals itself in the letters written towards the end of his exile. As the seasons passed, he must have realised that with all their kindness to him, the community with whom he lived were, by now, weary of his stay; an awkward guest, he had long since worn out his welcome, especially after January 1169, when the French king's efforts to reconcile the archbishop to his king at Montmirail had ended in failure. Slowly it began to dawn on him that the only way to break through the impasse was to return to his See, come what may. For too long the sheep had been scattered and harried, without their shepherd. Once his mind was made up, his spirits rose. He did not doubt that the future was dark and uncertain, but for him, who had fought out his soul's battle in the silence of his cell at Sens, the conflict was over. He would return to Canterbury.

In the summer of 1170, Henry's eldest son was crowned at Westminster, a feudal practice which was performed during the king's lifetime in order to ensure the peaceful succession of his son to the throne. From time immemorial, however, it had always been the prerogative of the archbishop of Canterbury to perform this solemn act, and its performance by Becket's old enemy the archbishop of York, in the presence of several other English bishops, was a move of calculated defiance. It brought a sharp rebuke from Alexander III, who empowered Thomas to suspend York and to excommunicate the recalcitrant bishops. Thomas hesitated, and wrote for further instructions. At the end of November, however, as he was about to embark for England, he heard that the archbishop of York and other bishops under threat of excommunication were about to join the king, then in France, in a further act of defiance. Thomas therefore sent ahead the dreaded letters of suspension and excommunication, which

news the unnerved bishops immediately conveyed to Henry. Incensed by what he considered to be a fresh insult to the Crown, the king spoke wildly of Becket's having lived long enough. Four of his knights at court did not wait for his temper to cool; they had heard enough.

Thomas landed at Sandwich on 1 December 1170. Already the news of his impending return had spread, and as the boat carrying his archiepiscopal cross at the masthead entered the harbour, many of the excited jostling crowd rushed into the water to greet him as a saviour and hero. His biographers tell us of scenes of tumultuous welcome as the archbishop, gay as never before, made his slow triumphant progress towards Canterbury; we read of his confirming large numbers of children in the lanes and byways, of his abandoning himself to the demonstrations of love which the common people made as, scattering his benedictions, he passed them by. As a gesture of peace, Thomas then made his way towards Woodstock in order to pay homage to Henry II's crowned son, but had not proceeded far beyond London when he was told that the young king had no desire to see him. Finding that his enemies continued to insult his office by despoiling his lands and submitting his tenants to further humiliations, Thomas took up the challenge, and on Christmas Day, in his own cathedral, then crammed to the doors, he publicly excommunicated those responsible for the latest outrages. His sermon on this occasion echoed his longing to forgive old wrongs, his desire to live at peace with his enemies. But since their malice towards him was seemingly irreducible, he had decided to fight them with all the power and authority his office could command. There can be no doubt that he realised his danger. Reminding his congregation of the martyrdom of one of his predecessors, St. Elphege, he added: "Soon enough you may have another. . . ."

Four days later the four knights burst in on him as he sat discussing ecclesiastical matters with some of his companions after Mass in one of the rooms in his palace. Sharply Thomas asked them to state their business. They commanded him to free from suspension and excommunication the archbishop of York and the other bishops under censure, and with many violent words repeated all the old charges against him—treachery, pride, rebellion, contempt for the king. With some difficulty Thomas mastered the indignation which welled up fiercely within him.

His thoughts ranged over the long and bitter struggle, the years of exile which he had never found easy to bear. But all that was over. "It's no use threatening me now," he said quietly. "If all the swords in England were brandished over my head your threats could not budge me from keeping God's justice and obedience to the pope. Long ago when intimidated, I fled. But I did not return here to flee again; anyone who wants me will find me here. Foot to foot you will find me in the Lord's fight. If I may be allowed to hold my office in peace, well enough; if not, may God's will be done. . . ."

The knights left him to arm. When they returned, later in the afternoon, the monks, thoroughly alarmed at the uproar, pleaded with and finally persuaded their archbishop to go into the Church to hear vespers. Thomas seemed reluctant to go, and insisted on having the Church doors left open, although the monks and servants had already bolted and barred all the entrances to both the Cathedral and the house. Shouting after him in the gloom, the four knights came across Thomas by a pillar between the altars of St. Benedict and the Blessed Virgin, as he was making his way up to the chapel of the Holy Trinity. Rushing at him repeating their threats and insults, they were overawed and fell back as he turned to face them. Gently but firmly the archbishop remonstrated with FitzUrse, their leader, who was his own liegeman and therefore doubly under his obedience. It was too late for argument however. But as FitzUrse snatched at the archbishop's cloak, the old Thomas momentarily revealed himself. "Keep your hands off me, you pander," he shouted as he wrenched himself free. Then seeing the others close in on him with raised swords, he commended his soul to God, the Blessed Virgin and other saints, and bowed his head, awaiting their blows. Staggering under their repeated strokes at his head, he was heard to murmur "I am ready to accept death for the name of Jesus and the defence of the Church." He fell at last, and lay on the flagstones, as one of his monks afterwards wrote, as if in adoration or prayer.

But that was long ago. That the archbishop's stand had been heroic, hardly a person in Christendom was prepared at the time to deny, and few would deny even today. And yet, if we exclude the personal factors involved in the quarrel—the clash of personalities, the background of the times and so on, we are

disturbed to find that its pattern is just as familiar to us now as it was seven hundred years ago. One need search no further back than our own century to find distressing parallels of this struggle between the Church and the State over the problem of ecclesiastical liberty. One has only to think of the persecution of the Catholic Church in Mexico in the 'twenties, in Germany in the 'thirties, in China, Hungary and Poland in the 'forties and 'fifties, to realise that the issues at stake are basically identical with those defended by St. Thomas; only the enemy has changed. In the case of Hungary, their primate, too, was singled out from the rest of the hierarchy long before his arrest, and subjected to every kind of subtle pressure which the State could contrive. The actual issue at stake was the nationalisation of denominational schools, a dispute which was chosen, like the criminous clerks clause in the constitutions of Clarendon, merely to mask the secular government's real intention, namely, to subject the Church, in the last analysis, to its own control. Cardinal Mindszenty was not deceived and the case he presented to the world in his last pastoral letter before his arrest, written 18 November 1948, put the issue in its true, if stark, perspective:

The country is condemned to silence [he wrote], and public opinion has been made a mere frivolous jest. If a man dares to raise his voice in contradiction, he is dismissed from his post or punished in other ways. With regard to the fact that between Church and State no agreement has yet been reached, it is well known that when the Church was at last invited to negotiate, the main point—the problem of the schools—had already been settled by the State, and the Church had to play the role of scapegoat. Of my predecessors in office, two were killed in action, two were robbed of all their possessions, one was taken prisoner and deported, one was exiled. However, such a systematic and purposeful propaganda of lies, time and again disproved and time and again repeated, has never been organised against the seventy-eight predecessors in my office. I stand for God, for Church and for Hungary. This duty was imposed on me by the fate of my nation which stands alone, an orphan in the whole world. If I am compelled to speak out and to state the facts as they are, it is only the misery of my people which forces me to do so, and the urge for truth. Here I stand, waiting to see what is going to happen to me.

In twelfth-century England, a royal despot, in twentieth-century Hungary an atheistic tyranny; and the essential tragedy

of this never-ending struggle between Church and State is that those who strike at the Church, strike at the only power in the world designed to protect their personal rights and liberties; that the authority they seek to ruin was destined from the beginning to bring them the happiness which, in their dark perverted ways, they thirst to attain. Few of us are called to represent that authority and to make the right decisions in moments of crisis, as St. Thomas of Canterbury was called to do, and as many after him have been so called. But we ought never to forget our debt to him, the protomartyr of all those servants of God throughout the ages who have had the clarity of vision, when their moment came, to resist the unjust claims of secular authority. That clarity of vision, certainly for St. Thomas, was no sudden gift from heaven. Behind it lay long nights of prayer, mortification, the agony of doubt, self-mistrust, remembrance of humiliations, loneliness, tears for past failure; but once resolved, self-mastered, Thomas kept his courage to the end. This is why he was the most popular English saint of the Middle Ages, and why, in a very real sense, he deserves to be so today.

THE DEAD SEA COMMUNITY

By

EDMUND F. SUTCLIFFE

GREAT EVENTS have often small beginnings. Certainly the lad of the Ta'amireh tribe who in 1947 threw an idle stone through a hole in the rock face by the Dead Sea little thought his action would become known throughout the civilised world and occasion an immense consumption of printer's ink. On account of the subsequent secret negotiations and the Arab-Jewish War it was long before knowledge of the subsequent finds became widely known. Yet already by 1952

H. H. Rowley's bibliography of relevant publications extended to thirty-seven pages.¹ And since then the output of studies has not ceased to grow. Three new books have been published recently and it may interest our readers to know something of their contents.²

The main scrolls, it may be recalled, comprise one complete and one incomplete text of Isaias, an explanation of the two first chapters of Habacuc, a document now generally called the *Manual of Discipline*, *Thanksgiving Hymns* (*Hodayoth*), and *The War of the Children of Light against the Children of Darkness* (*Milhamah* = war). The text of all these has already been published. There is besides another scroll which it was long found impossible to unroll on account of its extremely brittle condition and which at first was thought to contain the lost *Book of Lamech*. This is now found to be an Aramaic version of certain chapters of Genesis together with some otherwise unrecorded stories about the Patriarchs. These are all now in the possession of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

The importance of the Isaias scrolls lies in the fact that they present a Hebrew text of that prophet some thousand years older than any previously known manuscript. This dating is generally accepted and is based chiefly on the fact that the scrolls were found as part of the library of the community centred at Qumran close to the north-west shore of the Dead Sea and that the site is shown by the series of coins there to have been abandoned about A.D. 68 after the outbreak of the revolt against the Romans. There are, it should be added, a few unbelievers, notable among whom is Solomon Zeitlin of the U.S.A., who hold the scrolls to be of medieval composition. Most minds are convinced, among other considerations, by the excavation of the cave in which the scrolls were found, for Lankester Harding and Père de Vaux, the two experienced archaeologists who carried out the work, reaped a large harvest of fragments broken off from similar scrolls. Zeitlin, however, meets the evidence by the suggestion that the fragments were planted there to give an air of verisimilitude to the find and increase its sale value. The text

¹ *The Zadokite Fragments and the Dead Sea Scrolls*, pp. 88-135.

² *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, by J. M. Allegro (Penguin Books 3s 6d); *The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Originality of Christ*, by G. Graystone, S.M. (Sheed and Ward 8s 6d); *Secrets of the Dead Sea Scrolls*, by H. J. Schonfield (Vallentine Mitchell 21s).

of the complete Isaias scroll agrees closely in the main with our traditional Hebrew Bibles. It has its variant readings, some few of importance, and interesting orthographical peculiarities. The other is much closer in all respects to the Massoretic recension.

The commentary on Habacuc differs completely from our conception of such a work. It may be described as an interpretation of the prophecy in terms of contemporary events and the history of the sect. The impression it makes on our minds is that the writer is following his own arbitrary whim, but he would have strenuously rejected such an accusation. For him the words of Scripture were full of deep meaning which had to be "dug out" by the study of allegory and symbolism. The *War* scroll offers a plan of battle which could have no reality except in a mimic fight with a non-existent enemy. All movements of the troops are regulated by the sound of trumpets. Seven times the slingers discharge their missiles and later seven times—a number with sacred associations—the javelin-throwers hurl their weapons. It was intended perhaps as an ideal programme of an eschatological war against the powers of darkness. The so-called *Manual of Discipline* is in reality a composite document. It opens in its extant form with a description of what seems to be both an initiation ceremony and an annual renewal of the obligations the members took on themselves. There follows an account of the two ways and the opposition of the two spirits of truth and of perversion. The Prince of Light rules over the sons of righteousness and the Angel of Darkness rules over the sons of perversion. Then comes the section dealing with the manner of life of the community, their various laws, and a list of penalties to be imposed for transgressions. The whole closes with a noble hymn of praise. Our information about their life and laws is supplemented by two manuscripts variously referred to as the *Zadokite Fragments* and the *Zadokite Documents* which were discovered in 1896 in the *genizah* of a synagogue at Cairo. In this store-chamber honourable burial was accorded to outworn manuscripts out of reverence for the holy name of God inscribed upon them. There are important variations in the accounts and the laws contained in the *Manual* and in these documents. They probably refer to different periods in the history of the sect.

Finally among the sources of information about the community must be included a reference to the archaeological finds at the

Qumran settlement, the descriptions of the Essenes given us by Josephus and Philo, both writers of the first Christian century, and the very numerous fragments recovered from half a dozen caves in the vicinity of Qumran. Some of these are of great importance for our subject. Publication is planned in a series of volumes, of which the first has already appeared dealing with the fragments found in the cave where the scrolls had been deposited. Two of these must be noticed. There are two columns which were originally attached to the *Manual* and were at first thought to be the two columns missing at the commencement of the manuscript. As a result of this supposition W. H. Brownlee in his translation conjecturally restored the opening sentence to include a mention of women and children. And similarly Allegro treats the passage as belonging to the *Manual*. But Père Barthélemy, O.P., the editor, shows reason for the conclusion that, though attached to the same scroll, it was not part of the *Manual* itself. This point is important because the *Manual* makes no mention at all of women or children and leaves the impression that the sectaries were celibates at the time it was drawn up. This agrees with the testimony of Josephus and Philo, who both tell of the celibacy at least of the main body of the Essenes, and there is so strong a resemblance between what we know of the Dead Sea community and what those authors relate of the Essenes that it does not seem possible to doubt their constituting one body, due allowance being made for variation between groups and development in the course of their history.

It may be, as report has it, that other scrolls and fragments are still in the hands of the Beduin awaiting the offer of a satisfactory price. Even when all extant material is available and published, it will only be a fraction of what the community once stored in the caves and many points may probably still remain obscure. All the more reason for caution in drawing conclusions while much of what is extant yet remains unpublished.

J. M. Allegro, the author of a Pelican volume on our subject, lectures at Manchester University on comparative Semitic philology and has worked at Jerusalem on the task of editing the fragments. His story of the discovery, acquisition, and final disposal of the scrolls, based in part, he tells us, on inside information, is colourful, dramatic and well told. It is a story in which figure Beduin Arabs, the Syrian Metropolitan and his community,

American scholars, Bethlehem middlemen, learned Jews, and the Arab Legion, as it was then still called. We read also an interesting account of the nature of the literary finds and their editing, and of the excavations at Qumran. But a perusal of the study of the life, practices and doctrines of the sect gradually produces a sense of disappointment and a suggestion that the author's main interest is not to present his readers with an objective account but to picture the sect as the seedbed out of which Christianity sprang by a natural process of development, though it would be an exaggeration to say that they are depicted as Christians before Christianity. The closing sentence of the book says that by the time the sect became extinct "the basic elements of their faith had been given a far wider setting, and a significance for all mankind."

Any such correlation of the tenets of the Qumran community and of those of Christianity should rest on an accurate presentation without tendentious terminology. The necessity of such presentation is all the greater in a book destined for a wide public, many of whom are not in a position to check the texts. Some examples will be useful. "In 'the Light which lighteth every man' we have explicitly the idea of apportionment of the Spirit of Light to Man at birth," p. 128. "The nature of (heavenly revelation) in the Dead Sea Scrolls, as in Christianity, is almost entirely eschatological. Thus Matthew records that when Jesus was speaking about the Day of Judgment, He went on, 'I thank thee, O Father . . . that Thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes,'" p. 132. But in chap. 11 Our Lord is not speaking of the Day of Judgment, which He mentions merely incidentally. "Jesus sees himself born out of the sufferings of his people," p. 156. We read, p. 153, that the "expected resurrection" of the Messias "would have been in no way repugnant to the Sectarian." But the Gospels make it abundantly clear that the disciples had no expectation of the Resurrection of Christ. "The inscription which the soldiers nailed above His cross should, perhaps, better have read 'Prince of Israel' than 'King of the Jews,' for the former is the title of the Qumran Messiah, as it was applied later on to the messianic leader of the Second Jewish Revolt, Bar Kochebah," p. 152. But the Gospels bear witness that Our Lord claimed to be a King, and that in the presence of Pilate, who settled the wording of the inscription. On the other hand, the title "Prince of Israel"

occurs neither in the *Damascus Documents* nor in the *Manual of Discipline*. In the former we find "the Prince of all the Congregation" and in the additions to the *Manual* scroll "the Prince of the Congregation."

Now to take some statements about the sectaries. We are told, p. 95, that in the belief of the sectarians their Teacher had received a special commission from God to take his community into the desert, there to remain until "the coming of the Kingdom of God." The coming of the Kingdom of God was the keynote of the preaching both of St. John the Baptist and of Our Lord Himself, but the phrase occurs nowhere either in the *Damascus Documents* or in the *Manual of Discipline*. In the description of the Messianic Banquet translated on p. 115 part has been omitted by haplography. After the words "according to his rank" should be inserted "then (shall take his seat the Mess)ias of Israel, and there shall sit before him the chiefs of the th(ousands of Israel, ea)ch according to his rank," continuing as in the printed translation "corresponding to," etc. The reference is to the Messias and his officers. There follows in the translation a further mention of "the Messias," but in the Hebrew text he is styled "the Messias of Israel." Now what is to our present purpose, this passage contains a prohibition to the effect that no one of the guests may take of the bread and wine before the priest, for it is his duty to bless it and to partake of it first. Here the translation offered has "And (when) they are gathered at the communion ta(ble, or to drink) the new wi(ne), and the communion table is laid out." This use of the word "communion" imports a definite theological meaning into the text for which no warrant is there to be found. Père Barthélemy translates each time "la table commune," which fairly gives the sense. Actually the second time the phrase has the definite article, which is lacking in the first. The second may mean "the table of the Community" or "the Community table," and the first rather "when they are gathered together at table."

It remains in this connection to mention another passage on p. 152. In fairness perhaps it should be quoted in full. "It is stated in the order of the Messianic Banquet that God would 'beget' the Davidic Messiah. It is true that this word could conceivably have been used here with the weakened sense of 'produce' or the like, or it could, as the editors suggest, be a scribal error for 'lead,' but, taken with the Sect's application of the prophecy in 2 Samuel

vii: 'I will establish the throne of his kingdom for ever. I will be his father, and he shall be my son' to their Davidic Messiah, just as the Church did for Jesus, it is not impossible that we have in this phrase a contributory factor to the Church's conception of 'the only-begotten of the Father.' " In accordance with this the translation offered, p. 115, is: " 'When (God) begets the Messiah with them, there shall come,' " etc. This does not yield an easy sense. The editors of the Hebrew text translate: "au cas ou *Dieu mènerait* le Messie avec eux," that is, "if God should bring the Messias into their company." The only difference in the Hebrew between the two readings is that the word read by the editors has a longer down stroke than the other. That the manuscript here is not clear is shown by the need of special apparatus for its decipherment; and the editors' conclusion is limited to the statement that the reading "begets" appears practically certain "après une étude par transparence aussi attentive que possible." Is it credible that the sectarians should believe in the supernatural origin of the Messias and express that belief only in this incidental way in the protasis of a sentence? Moreover, this divine origin is excluded by the order of precedence laid down in the passage. This is omitted in the translation offered owing to the failure to render the entire text, as explained above. The presiding priest and all the other priests present come first, and only after them the Messias. This would not have been the case, had the Messias been thought to be begotten by God.

And now a surmise. "One might surmise that the Sectarians had particular cause to recall this activity of Jannaeus, since their Master (the Teacher of Righteousness) had suffered that same cruel death (by crucifixion), the recognised punishment of a rebel," p. 100. How many readers, not being given a translation of the text in question, would guess that this is all surmise except that Josephus does record that this king crucified a number of Jews? Allegro has published the text elsewhere.¹ It has no mention of the Teacher of Righteousness, attributes the "activity" to the Lion of Wrath (a symbolic title of conjectural interpretation), and uses a Hebrew word which may mean "crucify" but also signifies other methods of hanging up. H. H. Rowley points out that Antiochus Epiphanes had used the punishment of crucifixion earlier and that grounds are not lacking for understanding

¹ *Journal of Biblical Literature* 75 (1956) 89-95.

the reference to be to that king. He remarks as follows on Allegro's interpretation: "To start with a theory and to fill out the text to accord with it, and at the same time to adduce only such fragments of evidence as might seem to lend it some support while ignoring all other evidence, savours more of propaganda for a theory than of objective scholarship."¹

The "surmise" just mentioned calls to mind what may be read on the last page but one of the chapter on "The Qumran Sect and Jesus." "It seems reasonable to assume . . . a point, perhaps. . . . Be that as it may, here is a very possible means. . . . Furthermore, it seems very likely . . . and this, again would account for. . . . It is possible that. . . . But if this be so, we can be sure that." A genius once asked: "If 'if's and 'an's were pots and pans, what would the tinkers do?"

It so happens that this question of the Qumran sect and Jesus has just been treated in another quarter and with very different results. This is Fr. Graystone's *The Originality of Jesus* containing in convenient book form articles that appeared originally in the *Irish Theological Quarterly*. This reprint, with the abundant notes and references—so lacking in the Penguin volume—tucked away at the back, has the further advantage that the study is now available to a much wider class of readers. It is, moreover, eminently readable besides being accurate and scholarly. E. Wilson has expressed a doubt whether scholars who "have taken Christian orders or been trained in the rabbinical tradition, may not (be) somewhat inhibited in dealing with such questions as these by their various religious commitments."² Our author, who admits that his religious commitments are "very clear and definite" has based himself "on what seem to be the objective facts, on the one hand, of the Qumran scrolls, and on the other, of the New Testament." And here, it may be pointed out, that, if there can be prejudice on the religious side, equally there can be among those who like to think of themselves as independent. And, it may be asked, as an intimate acquaintance with the thought and belief both of the Christian religion and of the Qumran community is required for an objective and accurate assessment, is there not a decided advantage on the side of one whose knowledge of Christianity is not from the outside but arises from a life lived

¹ *Journal of Biblical Literature* 75 (1956) 189f.

² *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* (1955) 129.

in its spirit and tradition? For an understanding of the beliefs of the sect we are dependent on a sympathetic study of their writings and of their general background in the tradition of the Mosaic Law and of Judaism. On one important point of theology Fr. Graystone writes, "The salvific order, according to the sect, is based on absolute divine predestination." And certainly the documents contain statements which can be so construed. But side by side with these must be considered other passages which speak of the possibility of atoning for sin and of God's mercy and willingness to pardon. The problem is really the same as that latent in the Old Testament tension between, on the one hand, God's absolute and supreme dominion in regard of all events in the world including human actions, and, on the other, man's liberty and responsibility for his conduct. This may be briefly illustrated by the two series of texts, the one speaking of Pharaoh hardening his own heart and the other speaking of his heart being hardened by God. Joseph's brethren sold him into Egypt and knew that they acted wickedly and deserved punishment, but Joseph said that God had sent him before them into Egypt to save the lives of his people. We are here in face of a mystery, and is it surprising that neither the religious thinkers of the Old Testament nor the theologians of Qumran achieved a solution? Fr. Graystone points out many similarities between the practices and expressions of sectaries and of Christians. Some have their common basis in the Old Testament revered by both parties. Others, as he indicates, have a deeper and richer content in the mouths of Christians.

The two works just discussed are directed to the public at large, whereas *Secrets of the Dead Sea Scrolls* by Hugh J. Schonfield is rather for the use of students. He roams into the byways of ancient literature in search of all possible clues. In the result there is some danger of the reader failing to see the wood for the trees. The author has his own interpretation of the available evidence, but modestly presents it, as the sub-title indicates, only in the form of studies towards the solution of the problems involved. The absence of incontrovertible evidence may be illustrated by the fact that Schonfield dates the documents peculiar to the sect mainly in the first century A.D., p. 136, whereas H. H. Rowley would date them in the second century B.C.¹ Schonfield dates

¹ *The Zadokite Fragments and the Dead Sea Scrolls* (1952) 77.

the death of the Teacher of Righteousness in the first century A.D., Dupont-Sommer and Rowley in the first and second pre-Christian centuries respectively. Other matters of interest are that evidence is found for two persons designated as Teacher of Righteousness, the first being dated about 175 B.C., and the second in "the last days," which are considered to have begun about the commencement of the Christian era. The emigration of the sect to Damascus is understood literally, though others, probably rightly, take the phrase figuratively to mean retirement to Qumran in the desert of Judea. And surely there is no warrant for the literal interpretation of the record of Josephus that after the death of Judas conditions became so intolerable that some Jews, driven to extremity "deserted their country and went to the Macedonians," understood as migrating to Syria. For the Greek text of Josephus says only "they deserted to the Macedonians," and the following sentence shows the meaning to be that they joined the hellenising party and abandoned their ancestral manner of life.¹

It is surprising to find that the ministry of St. John the Baptist is placed as early as the reign of Archelaus, 4 B.C.—A.D. 6. A novel and ingenious explanation is proposed of the mysterious *Book of Hgw*, referred to both in the *Damascus Documents* and the *Manual*. By the use of *atbash*, a simple Hebrew cypher in which the first and last letters of the alphabet and so on are interchanged, the meaning is found to be the *Book of Proof* or *Test Book*. This explanation has now to face the competition of a simpler form found on a fragment from Cave 1. This is the *Book of Hgy* or *Book of Meditation*. The letters *w* and *y* are easily confused in the script of Qumran. Similarly the enigmatic *Taxo* of the *Assumption of Moses* is found to yield the name Asaph. These and many other matters will certainly attract interest and discussion.

¹ Josephus, *Ant.* XIII i 1.

REVIEWS

THE HISTORICAL MARY

The Virgin Mary, by Giovanni Miegge, translated by Waldo Smith; with a Foreword by Nathaniel Micklem (Lutterworth Press 21s).

ALTHOUGH THE AUTHOR of this Protestant study of Catholic Marian piety appears to be unacquainted with the earliest evidence relating to Our Lady's virginity and assumption, and his information

is sometimes inaccurate or incomplete, it would be unfair to describe his book as no more than an Italian counterpart of the Kensit press or to write it off as altogether unscholarly. Its failure springs rather from a defect of general Christian vision. For all his good intentions, Dr. Miegge cannot overcome his Protestant prepossessions. This bias finds expression in a series of highly improbable judgments. Thus in the Catholic conception of Our Lady as Queen of the heavenly court he can find evidence that Catholics regard Mary as mother of the divinity itself, a sort of Christian Juno or Isis. In the chivalrous conceptions and idealisation of woman characteristic of the Middle Ages he sees, somewhat unnaturally, a source rather than an effect of Christian devotion to the Mother of the Redeemer. He cites Christian art only as proof of a Catholic apotheosis of Mary, whereas its real relevance is that it stamped on the imagination and heart as well as the mind of Christendom the fact that, when the Saviour of the world was born, there was a woman in the picture. Again, when Dr. Miegge, who detects a manichaean strain in Catholicism, conceives Our Lady as just an ordinary woman, quite unaffected by her office as Mother of the divine Redeemer, one wonders whether this is not another expression of that higher, spiritual manicheanism which makes Protestants deny that "justification" produces an inward change in a man, really making him holy. Surely it is more natural to suppose that, if virtue went out to the woman who but touched the hem of Christ's garment, then greater virtue went out to her who gave Him His flesh.

Dr. Miegge's evaluation of the Gospel evidence betrays a similar prejudice, a prejudice that is not the less blinding for being, apparently, quite unconscious. For instance, in the Angel's words at the annunciation, "the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee," he rightly sees a typological correspondence with the work of the Holy Ghost (*Gen. 1: 2*), but surprisingly concludes that this somehow deprives of significance the fact that in the "second creation" that is the Redemption a woman played an important, though essentially subordinate, part. Similarly, he points out, again quite rightly, that Our Lord's miraculous manifestation of Himself at the marriage feast at Cana marked the solemn inauguration of His Messianic preaching, but then perversely argues that this messianic character of the episode discounts, instead of enhancing, the significance of the fact that the miracle was worked at Our Lady's request.

This blindness is partly to be explained by Dr. Miegge's misconceiving the Catholic position; he imagines that the Catholic view supposes that the Nativity narratives have as their "purpose the glorification of Mary." Yet there is an inhumane element too in his attitude—all the more surprising in view of the Reformation's association with Renaissance humanism—that allows him to write: "Mary and

Pilate! . . . Mary owes her inclusion in the Creed—as does Pilate—to her function of witnessing." Strictly, this is true, or not untrue; but it takes a Protestant imagination to suppose that Mary's virgin-motherhood (which certainly made her a unique witness to both the humanity and divinity of the Saviour) exhausts its significance in witnessing.

The real paradox of Dr. Miegge's attitude lies deeper. Modern Protestantism delights to emphasise the historical character of the Christian revelation. It is noticeable, however, that the historicity is often asserted in a somewhat esoteric sense, with the result that either the Gospel events are reduced to the status of myth, deriving their significance and value largely from our historical experience and existential predicament, or the *kerygma*, the word itself, is hypostatised. The danger of this latter tendency is that, even while the Gospel is being professedly regarded as history, it will in fact be treated as something else; it will lose its "open" character as history and will become subject to non-historical laws. In the extreme case, as in the early Gnostic heresy which separated Jesus and the Christ, its characters become no more than the hieratic figures of epiphanies or mystery legends, having no reality outside the frontiers of the text. To use a simpler, though perhaps less accurate, comparison, in this type of thinking the Gospel characters are reduced to the status of *dramatis personae* and cease to be real, historical, flesh and blood persons with three-dimensional lives. It then becomes illegitimate to draw any deductions from the text except those expressly authorised by strictly literary laws; for in drama, we know, it is a critical gaffe to speculate on the character or activities of Hamlet's father beyond what we are actually told of him in the play, or to ask where the Boy in *Henry V* learnt his French. To treat the Gospels in an analogous way, attending only to specifically messianic passages as Dr. Miegge does when he restricts the essential significance of the Gospel to the incarnation, crucifixion and resurrection, is to reduce Jesus Christ to the status of a functionary. But then Dr. Miegge can explicitly describe the Gospels "not as biography and history but as testimonies to the manifestation of the Son of God"; this is at least an oversimplification.

Catholic contemplation, on the other hand, has through the centuries given full value both to the mystic, transcendent quality of the inspired text and to its character as, in the fullest sense, history. Since as history the Gospel text points beyond itself to flesh and blood lives, its total significance cannot be limited to its central theological pattern. Therefore, while the Catholic recognises the high Messianic moments, he cannot set aside as irrelevant Our Lord's "private life" as baby and boy with His Mother at Bethlehem and in the long years at Nazareth. Indeed, we may not even distinguish such scenes as belonging to

"private life" without remembering that Scripture itself more than once calls our attention to them, and that they form an important part of the example set by the Mediator for men. Dr. Miegge's distinction, therefore, between the theological and the biographical texts has only a limited application; it would be relevant to his purpose only if, as he sometimes suggests, Catholics believed in a "Holy Quaternity" or attributed to Our Lady a strictly redemptive function. To discredit real Catholic devotion and belief, he would need to press his distinction to the point of dividing Jesus and the Christ, as if the Saviour of the world were a different person from the boy who played on the hill-side of Nazareth and learnt the Scriptures at His Mother's knee. For Catholic Marian piety is based on Our Lady's motherhood of the Jesus Christ who is continuous and one in all His mysteries: the infant, the boy, the man, the Crucified, the risen and the eucharistic Christ: the Son of Mary, the Son of David and the Son of God.

ANTHONY A. STEPHENSON

The Expansion of Awareness, by Arthur W. Osborn (Omega Press, Reigate 15s).

THE SUB-TITLE of this book, "One Man's Search for Meaning in Living," raised some false hopes for a reviewer always sympathetic to any spiritual odyssey, any personal attempt to propose a philosophy of life from actual experience. On nearer scrutiny Mr. Osborn's volume turned out to be no personal odyssey but a collection of ideas and theories culled from Psychical Research, Theosophy and Indian authors. He is not a professional writer but an English business man domiciled in Australia who has obviously read widely; but equally clearly, when he deals with philosophical arguments he is uncritical. He rejects Materialism, but he goes even further and minimises or rejects matter: and this rejection is based upon the assumption that "objects" are mere projections of our consciousness: all we can know, he argues, consists of our own sensations, that is really ourselves as perceiving, not in any proper sense "objects" themselves as perceived.

Gradually Mr. Osborn introduces familiar "psychical" themes: the pre-existence of soul or spirit to its actual "incarnation," the survival of spirit—and even of a non-material body, possibilities of para-psychical and telepathic experience and finally the merging of the individual soul into the Infinite "All." "In its essence the Soul is not separate from the Infinite. Its separateness can be regarded as only apparent, and on this view its finite expression would be a functional aspect of the Absolute." The position is complicated by the existence for Mr. Osborn not only of the Infinite but also of "our deeper self," of which our "present embodiment" is only one of "a cyclic series of expressions." On several points he is quite inadequate, as when he devotes only one short

sentence to the proof of the soul's survival because of its immaterial character or dismisses with the like rapidity the doctrine of creation.

For those interested in Psychical Research and Theosophy there is no doubt useful information in these pages. For the ordinary and still more for the Christian reader they are marred by a loudly bumptious dismissal of "organised" religion. We read of "doctrines which seem little better than myths to the modern intellectual," as though there were something highly intelligent in Theosophy; of creeds that "are frankly not believable for increasing numbers of educated people"; of "one track salvation theologies." And, to conclude, we have this gem: "if we give undue heed to the dogmatisms of the world's ecclesiastical systems [he has just been speaking of Christianity] we shall find there is hardly a fantastic notion which has not somewhere been supported by Scripture or priestly authority."

The Writings of Edith Stein, edited and translated by Hilda Graef (Peter Owen 21s).

THE STORY of Edith Stein is a kind of epitome of the history of our day—the loss of a traditional faith, the quest for some secure basis in philosophy, the return to a fuller faith and the serene years of cloistered life. The irruption of the brutal world and her martyrdom at the hands of nihilistic revolutionaries serve to emphasise the great gulf fixed between the good for which she stood and the abomination of desolation which, for a time, stood like a usurper on the sanctuary of Europe. Miss Graef, who has already in *The Scholar and the Cross* told this story for the benefit of English readers, has naturally been prompted to add to the picture by presenting in English form some extracts from the writings of one who was clearly a most remarkable person.

The selection opens with some extracts from her latest spiritual and mystical writings, which are succeeded by some educational considerations, written before her entry into the cloister. The last section, taken from her philosophical writings, is the earliest in composition. Miss Graef explains that her reason for thus inverting the chronological order is that the later writings are in fact more accessible to the average English Catholic reader, being concerned with universally familiar problems. The educational writings were composed at a time when the climate of thought in Germany was very different from our own, whilst the philosophical work, inspired as it is by the phenomenological approach of Husserl, will not be of widespread interest, but it would have been a pity not to include some such samples. Miss Graef's introduction is an admirable piece of work, and will greatly help readers to appreciate the context of these selections.

A Study of George Orwell, by Christopher Hollis (Hollis and Carter 18s).

GEORGE ORWELL must be known to many readers only by his *Animal Farm* and *1984*. Mr. Hollis rightly thinks we want to know what led up to this fighter continuing to fight to the end, without (apparently) the "half of a broken hope" for his pillow: yet he realises that he must not, and perhaps cannot, probe deeper into Orwell's self than Orwell's own novels, consciously or not, reveal it. Orwell was possessed to an almost morbid degree with "class-consciousness." In a school like Eton, where he won a scholarship, a boy can be eccentric yet not disliked, nor unhappy. Even during his service with the Imperial Police in Burma he did not at once de-romanticise the British rule there: true, he came to abominate the Empire and became a highly individualistic Socialist; but probably his life was definitely broken when he saw Russia becoming a worse imperialism than any so far experienced. Mr. Hollis has rescued from obscurity Orwell's earlier books and then tries to detect in him some coherent philosophy of life. But Orwell had not really enough experience of life. He tended to see in the Church something analogous to Communism. But if he saw Christianity or, at least, belief in a future life, as the easy way out, he did not see how hard must be the path for the man who has found his way "out" and is then asked to keep on moving. It is clear that Orwell was a man of great honesty; he never aimed at satisfying anyone, socialist or not. He hit out, and hit hard. Perhaps he did not mind being hit himself; but he writhed inside various forms of what we cannot but call by the over-worked name of inferiority complex. We keep wishing that his mind had had a firm but sympathetic Catholic training.

The Notebooks of Simone Weil, translated from the French by Arthur Wills (Routledge; Two vols. 56s).

THESE TWO VOLUMES together comprise 648 pages, and consist of "notes" taken by Simone Weil in view of a vast book on folklore that she proposed to write, or else of thoughts that she just jotted down without any order. They bear witness to her omnivorous reading; we had been told that she at least attempted to learn Sanskrit: but her fanciful treatment of Greek literature and myth inspires little confidence in the value of her allusions to, e.g., Indian books. Sometimes we have a complete sentence: "Pedagogy—One ought, in the primary schools, to draw up for children a list of things about which Science is not in a position to furnish any information at all." (This, like other scattered sentences, is in italics; but there is no Introduction to explain these italicisings.) But often we have mere names

followed by a word or two: brackets within brackets: attempts to connect the disparate—Ceres, *cereus* (which comes from a different root), and thus *cierge*, for the sake of some forced symbolism. We can, in fact, observe a noble, but over-laden and self-tormented mind; the last two pages, said by Simone to be the beginning of the book “which should contain these thoughts and many others,” are beautiful, though suggesting, in allegory, that we may dare to hope that life is not totally defeated and unlovable. The labour of translation and of indexing must have been immense; but surely anyone who would even want to read this book could read it in French?

A Male Child, by Paul Scott (Eyre and Spottiswoode 15s).

WE ARE TOLD that this story concerns a young man, Ian Canning, who is suffering from a tropical disease which baffles treatment. It is hard for such an one to “rekindle the vital spark” which is to illuminate the world and his place in it. His cure is, however, effected by his unreflecting “extrovert” friend, Alan Hurst. That the book is extremely well written goes without saying; but we cannot clearly see that Ian is brought to life again, or, if he is, that Alan had anything to do with it, save indeed, by becoming a father, past and present being thus relegated to a lower place in favour of the future—“still feared, perhaps, yet wished for.” We cannot find the characters attractive; most of them have “affairs,” brief and frequent, or comparatively “steady” but untroubled by the possession of “principles” regarding marriage. Nor can we see how the mere fact of prolonging one’s personality just by means of parenthood counts for much, if you do not know how to develop the child’s life in view of a future as, or more, uncertain than the past or present.

The Fortress, by Raleigh Trevelyan (Collins 12s 6d).

THIS is the “Diary of Anzio and After” by a subaltern aged twenty, never before in action, and in charge of a key defensive position on the Anzio beach-head, nicknamed “The Fortress.” It is not just another “war-book,” but a worth-while document concerning a small but desperate adventure which ought not to be buried in the debris of the Italian campaign; it reads like a truthful description of the emotions as well as the conditions of the author and the men with him. Mr. Trevelyan is very sensitively aware of the loveliness of landscape, but, though his knowledge is various, does not seem conscious of the depth of history beneath the ancient places through which he passes. He interestingly sees the Liri as green and swift-flowing, while Horace watched that soundless stream fretting the fields with its quiet *taciturnus amnis* current. He is modest, and for that very reason

hides, maybe, what is most intimate to him; else we should suffer to think of a young man having to endure every physical and mental horror, and so crushing a responsibility, with no spiritual foundation. But he makes us see the corruption created by war, and not least by a victorious well-moneyed soldiery.

The Faber Book of Modern American Verse, edited by W. H. Auden (Faber 21s).

ONE MAY DOUBT the regularity of Professor Auden's literary taste; one cannot question his originality. The present selection from American poets (which excludes both Mr. Eliot and himself) demonstrates his power of stimulating choice, just as the Introduction manifests his fresh vision of things. Taking the body of American verse, Professor Auden distinguishes its main points of difference from ours: its greater diversity and curiosity, its severer break with the past, its experimentalism (the American poet looks to acquire rather than to inherit tradition), and its avoidance of classical mythology and the "pathetic fallacy."

The anthology contains the work of eighty-one poets; the first being born in 1869, the last in 1922. Here is a collection without a single cliché. Professor Auden's geese are better than most editorial swans.

The Golden Ring: the Anglo-Florentines 1847-1862, by Giuliana Artom Treves. Translated by Sylvia Sprigge (Longmans 21s).

THIS BOOK is of course a portrait gallery, in which are charmingly depicted such well-known figures as Walter Savage Landor, Seymour Kirkup, Charles Lever, James Jackson Jarves, Mrs. Jameson, Frances Power Cobbe, the Browning family (there is perhaps too much about Elizabeth Barrett Browning), the Trollope family, Jessie White Mario, John Ruskin and that admirable little person Miss Isa Blagden. There is a famous saying, which runs "Inglese italianizzato, diavolo incarnato," and certainly Florence has had its share of Englishmen who have run amok, but the English-speaking colony described in this book, though it seems to have been somewhat addicted to spiritualism and, on account of its enthusiasm for the unification of Italy, ecclesiastically frowned upon, was not particularly scandalous.

No other city in Italy, not even Rome, has been so popular with English people as Florence. Under the good-natured government of the Grand Dukes, especially, they were able to lead a very pleasant existence. It has always been a dogma of Florentines that all Englishmen are mad, or at least eccentric, but that on the other hand, they have been created by a benevolent Providence merely to be exploited by the worthy citizens, and so they must be treated with easy tolerance.

The English for their part do not seem to have mixed very much with Florentine society. They remained a closed circle sufficient to themselves.

Alas, the English colony in Florence is gradually disappearing. Less than forty years ago, I remember, it possessed two Anglican churches, each with two priests; now there is only one church, with an archdeacon who has to be frequently on his rounds. Clubs, banks and newspapers have also come to an end. Tourists fly out and back, but the residents are dying out. Perhaps this delightful book, well translated and well illustrated, will do something to revive the race of the Anglo-Florentines.

The Presence of Grace, by J. F. Powers (Gollancz 13s 6d).

THESE SHORT STORIES are all, save one, about the clergy, whom American writers have the art of teasing, gently, yet quite seriously. Two, in fact, are told in the person of a rectory cat, which has claws indeed, but does not use them cattishly, and one cat has, we are glad to say, if not nine lives, at any rate two. Perhaps we laughed most over the devastatingly zealous Fr. Early and his long-suffering bishop. Mr. Powers reserves his most biting lash for money-greed and the slanderous gossip which seems endemic among *dévôtes*. But the Altar stands immovable amid the heaps of parochial bric-à-brac: Grace is at home in the dormouse-Pastor; and at the end, the young curate sees the shepherd "carrying a stick and then hears him opening a few windows." Mr. Powers, skilfully and with a twinkle, imitates him.

Spectrum: A Spectator Miscellany (Longmans 16s).

NO ONE would accuse the *Spectator* of representing every shade of political opinion, but the title of this selection is thoroughly justified because of the immense variety of views on other topics which are represented. As we investigate the riches it contains, we are almost surprised to see how good the *Spectator* is. This is not to suggest that as we read it from week to week we don't find there much instruction and entertainment, but perhaps because we are too busy, it is only when we come across such a collection as this that we are convinced of its lasting contribution.

It is, of course, out of the question that one should review this sort of book in the ordinary sense—even a list of the chief contributors would be too lengthy—but how glad we are to meet again in more permanent form so many articles which struck one at the time but which we had rather forgotten. So great indeed is the spread of the contents of the book that it provides, as it were, a running commentary on the country and, to some extent, the world of 1955 and 1956—the political and social crises we passed through, the books we read,

the plays and films we saw, the fatuities we perpetuated in our press and elsewhere—all these are recalled dazzlingly, whilst a small but representative selection of the poetry published in the *Spectator* is here perpetuated.

Contemporary Capitalism, by John Strachey (Gollancz 25s).

THERE is an odd brilliance about Mr. John Strachey which he combines with great clarity of style to turn out a type of writing that is always interesting and often intensely irritating.

Contemporary Capitalism is no exception to the rule. In it Mr. Strachey shows that he has lost nothing of that capacity for lucid explanation which distinguished his writing in the 'thirties. He shows, too, that he is as hagridden now as he was then by Marxist preconceptions. So, in the present volume, he can combine five beautifully written and most interesting chapters on the development of value theory with the kind of childish adherence to Communist categories which leads him to declare nonsensically "that income from inherited property is merely the most scandalous case of the general scandal of the private appropriation of the socially produced surplus by means of private property in the means of production." There is more in the same vein and there are some chapters on modern mass democracy which are amongst the most jejune and unperceptive that have yet been penned.

In fairness one should add that there are a couple of sentences on the appeal of the Communist philosophy which deserve quotation: "That Marxism attempts to transcend economics and to lay the foundations of a truly all-embracing science of society is one of the reasons why men and women will both live and die for it. For it gives them an indispensable sense of understanding the otherwise terrifying flux of contemporary events."

That is well put and absolutely true. One can forgive Mr. Strachey a lot after having read those words.

Up Jenkins! by Ronald Hingley (Longmans 12s 6d).

THIS BOOK opens upon an England divided into the North British Federation, where life is as moderately muddled and contented as it is now, and the South, "People's Britain," which exists under strict totalitarian management. We have heard the book described as a "relief" after George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four* and the almost more ghastly *One* by David Karp. It is, no doubt, a caricature and ends in pure farce—there is an enchanting description of a cricket-match, South *v.* North: true, cricket has not been played in the South for many years; but the Southern ("strictly amateur") Eleven has been trained for five years in bowling, for example, with cannon-balls—

thus they produced some startling effects. But frankly, we are not yet prepared to relish a caricature which keeps so close to reality. It is possible, we agree, to see the ridiculous side of the antics of "the Party"—its rewritings of history, its post-mortem de-canonisations, its interior hatreds, intrigues and ambitions, its complete untrustworthiness. But, after all, the forced-labour camps, the brain-washings, the physical tortures, the pitiable existence of hundreds of thousands of expatriates are still facts, and so is the intention to extinguish religion both by indoctrination of the young and by the attempt to shut all Christian schools and seminaries. While all this is so, it is hard to be amused by Mr. Hingley's book, however brilliant be many of its pages.

The Gallows and the Cross, by Bela Just (Gollancz 10s 6d).

THIS BOOK, more autobiography or diary than novel, records the experiences of a Catholic priest, appointed chaplain to those condemned to death in a Budapest prison in the 'forties. This book is written with extreme restraint: if its "interest" (if we dare use so colourless a word) is primarily psychological, its effect should be moral. First, we are enabled to study the priest and the way in which his experiences progressively affect him: then we learn, from what can but be direct witness, of the various victims with whom he must spend time before their execution, of the hangman and the onlookers; for at that time such executions were public and inflamed the spectators with the extreme of sadist mania. This "case-history" is a revelation of the variety of men of whom it has been demanded that they should face long weeks of brutal treatment ending in a ghastly death. The moral of the book is that, eschewing squeamishness, we should face the facts of life, to extend the meaning of that silly phrase, and be impartially outspoken about iniquities perpetrated under whatever régime. To know of them will make us very unhappy: all the better, till there be formed a public opinion and resolution about them, instead of ignorance and apathy.

Beatrice Webb's Diaries, 1924-1932 (Longmans 25s).

THE LIFE of this highly cultured Victorian who almost became the wife of Joseph Chamberlain and lived long enough to become ideologically married to the Russia of Joseph Stalin is, in effect, an epitome of the decline and fall of the greatest empire since Caesar. A self-styled mystic, Beatrice Webb was attracted to Soviet Communism despite its barbarity and her fear of the O.G.P.U. What drew her was not the planned economy of the Russian Utopia (she was actually terrified by the strain involved in Soviet planning), but the presence in the U.S.S.R., and as the dominant and decisive force, "of a religious

order: the Communist Party, with its strict discipline, its vows of obedience and poverty." These private jottings, which throw more light on the period studied by the Webbs than all the tomes of which they were so proud, deserve to be more widely read than they are likely to be. If the proper study of mankind is men and women, this book should certainly be on the bookshelves of every observer of modern politics and of every Catholic presbytery.

Mankind against the Killers, by James Hemming (Longmans 15s).

IN AN AGE that has witnessed so much time and money being spent on international conferences, it is good to read this account of the work, much of which calls for international co-operation, being done by the World Health Organisation. This book traces for us something of the history of man's achievement in his long struggle to control and conquer diseases. The author marshals his facts carefully and presents them in a very readable manner. He gives us a clear statement of the problems involved and a good account of the patient experimenting that has led to success in so many fields. We liked in particular his chapter dealing with some of the strange problems met by the W.H.O., which were not medical at all, but arise rather from religious and social differences between peoples. This is an inspiring book, and should do much to inform people of the good work being done by one section of U.N.O.

The Window in the Wall, by Ronald A. Knox (Burns and Oates 15s).

OF THESE twenty Eucharistic sermons preached at Corpus Christi, Maiden Lane, No. XI, on Self-examination, is the least successful. And yet, with its deep spirituality, its searching psychology, and its fresh angle on the Second Coming, it is a sermon which few priests would not be proud to have preached. Among the other nineteen it is impossible to arrange an order of merit or to decide which best deserves the palm. Each is in its own way so brilliant and so illuminating. It is not merely that the preacher directs a searchlight upon the listener's soul; he has a greater gift: one has the sense, as one reads, that whole new landscapes in the Gospels are suddenly flooded with light. Over-familiar scenes in the Gospels become young and new. Few preachers have so successfully blended in their discourses Holy Scripture, theology and devotion. Like some goldsmith of the quattrocento, Mgr. Knox displays a hundred facets of the riches of the Gospel and of the Church's treasure in the Eucharist. A dozen aspects of Our Lord's life and character come into focus as one reads, and the whole of human life is related to the source of life in the Blessed Sacrament.

Je Sais: Je Crois (Librairie Arthème Fayard 300 frs. per vol).

THIS is an "Encyclopedia for the Twentieth Century Catholic," to be completed in 150 small volumes of about 120 pages each, at 300 francs a volume. It is divided into fourteen parts, followed by a Conclusion—*Why I am a Christian*, and a complete index. Each part is subdivided into more or fewer volumes: thus Part VI: *The Bible: God's Book—Man's Book* contains thirteen volumes; Part X: *The Church in her Liturgy and Rites*, seven. Part III asks: *What is Man?*: it deals of course with evolutionary problems: we have vol. 32: *Living Dust*, by a doctor: and vol. 36, *Supernormal or Supernatural?* by a Dominican—a ruthless examination of psycho-physical abnormalities. There are easy subjects, yet needing specialist treatment—*The History of Christian Music, Abbeys and Cathedrals*, and others probing into the heart of the nature of Belief, and the question of a possible Christian Philosophy. There is an admirable volume on *Catholicity* by Fr. A. Rétif, S.J., which should by itself suffice to dispel all the false imaginations about the Church that float about this country. Now these books are not written for a learned public, but for men and women of good intelligence and active interest and are really concerned with the marriage of their intellect and their Faith. That France has such a public is well known: have we? We are convinced that we have; but the English will not discover such books for themselves: the combination of book and lecture is imperative.

The Salvation of the Unbeliever, by Riccardo Lombardi, S.J. (Burns and Oates 30s).

FR. LOMBARDI'S NAME is a household word in Italy where he is chiefly known as a popular preacher who has had considerable influence in the ceaseless fight against Communism in that country. It comes as something of a surprise to find him also as a theologian of no mean order. This work on a most intricate and heart-searching problem is marked by great erudition allied with the broad human sympathy which we should have expected from its author. The style is, at times, a little florid for English tastes and, although the translator has done her work competently, she might have broken up and turned in a more concrete way the long and over-abstract sentences of her original.

Nevertheless, we must be grateful to her and to the publishers for introducing to English readers what is undoubtedly the most complete treatment of its subject. Starting from the well-known Pauline text: "Without faith it is impossible to please God," Fr. Lombardi discusses the situation of various groups of those who do not profess any kind of formal faith, or who do not accept the full Christian

revelation as taught by the Church. His treatment is full and sincere, and in addition there is a useful bibliography of works dealing with the problem in general, and also the specific aspects of that problem.

Religion as Salvation, by Harris Franklin Rall (Longmans 18s).

THERE is, of course, no doubt that the idea of salvation is a very important element in the Christian religion, but Dr. Rall scarcely does justice to the full richness of Christian truth in his analysis of what salvation is and how it is effected. Without attempting to outline his argument as a whole, some indication of its jejueneness may be given by pointing out that in his chapter on Symbol and Sacrament he deals with only two sacraments, and the treatment of neither is very adequate. When he says, for instance, that "the water of baptism symbolises for the child the work of the Spirit reaching it through Church and home" we should like to know more about what is meant by "work of the Spirit." His treatment of the Lord's Supper is even sketchier, and we really must protest against his assertion that "the deeper meanings of this sacrament" (which he sums up as "remembrance, thanksgiving, confession, dedication and Communion") "have too often been lost by the Church when it has taught 'the Sacrifice of the Mass.' . . . The idea of sacrifice is indeed central: but it is not found in a priestly performance." When one recalls the great wealth in the traditional Eucharistic teaching of the Church, one can only think that this is a very glib dismissal of something far more "dynamic" (to use a favourite word of Dr. Rall's) than perhaps he appreciates.

The Christian Vision (Blackfriars 18s).

THE SUB-TITLE of this work, "Readings from the First Ten Years of *The Life of the Spirit*" indicates the nature of this publication. Here, gathered together under five headings: God, Man and the World—The Freedom of Love—The Sacrament of the World—Vocation of the Word—Love Perfected—are the major articles from that most valuable periodical. In his Foreword the editor gives some account of the beginnings of its history and describes its main purpose. As he so well says, the reader of this volume is in a position to appreciate the aims and ideas of the review in a way which is impossible even for the most assiduous reader of a monthly, especially one which, as the editor points out, is necessarily restricted to a mere forty-eight rather small pages. The contribution which *The Life of the Spirit* has made to the contemporary spiritual climate in this country is seen in this volume to be outstanding.

The Twelve Together, by T. Ralph Morton (Iona Community 7s 6d).

ACATHOLIC must needs be disappointed in this book. The author, Deputy Leader of the Community, is a devout Presbyterian; but his treatment of the gospel is unsatisfactory and he is sadly blinded by prejudice. Thus, in the matter of Church History, he includes St. Benedict and St. Francis among 'countless men who have felt that the Church of their day, in its doctrines and in its institutions and in its observances had somehow lost the way.' Similarly he says that "This is my body" meant for the disciples, "first and simply that this that He was doing and had been doing all the time with them . . . was His life. In this action of sharing bread was summed up and expressed fully all that He was doing and teaching. It was His whole life: it was Himself." More profit will be found in Coleridge, not to mention Goodier, Lebreton and Lagrange.

The Sacraments in the Christian Life, by M. M. Philipon, translated by John A. Otto (Sands 16s).

THIS POPULAR EXPOSITION of sacramental theology is firmly based on the New Testament and developed in the tradition of St. Thomas. Expounding the sacraments' essentially social character, Fr. Philipon shows how, like all God's gifts to men, they are "for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Knox: "build up the frame of Christ's body"). The book is, however, marred by deplorably extravagant language about Our Lady. It can only shock non-Catholics and perhaps even mislead the faithful to write of Our Lady as "occupying a place within the realm of the hypostatic order," or to parody the Scriptures by writing "Without Mary we can do nothing" and "For me to live is Mary."

Infancy in Animals, by Maurice Burton, D.Sc. (Hutchinson 18s).

THERE IS MUCH in this book to evoke delight and wonder in the general reader, while for the scientist it is surely an important contribution to a subject on which surprisingly little has been written. The author studies infancy and the parental instinct in a very wide variety of birds and mammals, but for many people the chief charm of the book will be found in those chapters in which he records his own observations of the denizens of our woods and lanes and farmyards—the yellowhammer, the squirrel, the rabbit and the domestic hen. Of these, Mr. Burton writes with an ease and enthusiasm which put him in the tradition of those great lovers of the outdoor world, Gilbert White and W. H. Hudson. While the view implied about the relationship of animal to human life is not always altogether acceptable, the book abounds with interesting matter, excellently presented. It is beautifully illustrated

with sixteen pages of photographs, and numerous attractive and original drawings.

The Popes, by Zsolt Aradi (Macmillan 25s).

THE POPES, by Zsolt Aradi, is a useful source of reference, explaining in great detail how the sovereign pontiffs are chosen, elected and crowned. Starting with a chapter devoted to the Vacancy of the Holy See, the author tells us how a Pope is elected. Then follows an elaborate description of the Coronation ceremony, including the Papal Mass. The Appendices include brief biographies of all the Cardinals at the present time, a list of buildings in Rome belonging to the Holy See but outside the Vatican, the Major Ecclesiastical Institutions in Rome, the organisation and hierarchy of the Church, and the diplomatic relations of the Vatican. A series of photographs, illustrating almost every aspect of the matters described, add to the usefulness of this authoritative book, written by a Hungarian who has been familiar with the inside of the Vatican for the past twenty years.

Témoins de la Cité de Dieu: Initiation à la Vie Religieuse, by René Carpentier, S.J. (Desclée de Brouwer, Museum Lessianum, 48 frs. Belg.).

AFTER going into nearly forty editions, *Catéchisme des Vœux* here reappears in a new form, accompanied by a popular theology of the religious life, or "public state of perfection." As an elementary book for novice masters and their *pusilli greges*, this could hardly be bettered, and aspirants to the religious life will find in it all the information they are likely to require. P. Carpentier emphasises that the purpose of the vows is "the complete imitation of Jesus by an unconditional love." He eloquently develops the theme that "the Church, after the model of the community of the Twelve around Christ, joins the religious together and realises in them the complete fraternal community which she does not succeed in establishing in the world." Yet the religious community "visibly forms the heart of the Christian community" and thus, far from being isolated from the latter, is essential to it. The religious's consecration of himself to God is united through the Eucharist to Christ's self-offering, and from this derives its efficacy. The essentially apostolic character of the religious state is well brought out. On the traditional structure and institutions of the religious life P. Carpentier's treatment remains large-minded, if somewhat conventional; but then he does not profess to discuss the subtler questions which occur to the philosophically minded.

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**The Editor, THE MONTH,
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ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religions, or irreligions, of contemporary man.

In many countries the Catholic Church is at the heart of the battle of ideas. Cardinal Manning's saying that "all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological" suggests that there is, in fact, no better starting-point or background for understanding the modern world than a Catholic one. Because of this approach and background,

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